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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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N.Y. Dems vs. Hillary
Greece vs. the West

December 13, 1999

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The Infiltrators

Fred Newman and Lenora Fulani once led an alleged cult. Now they're power brokers in the race for president.

BY DAVID GRANN

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts

WASHINGTON, D.C.
DECEMBER 13, 1999
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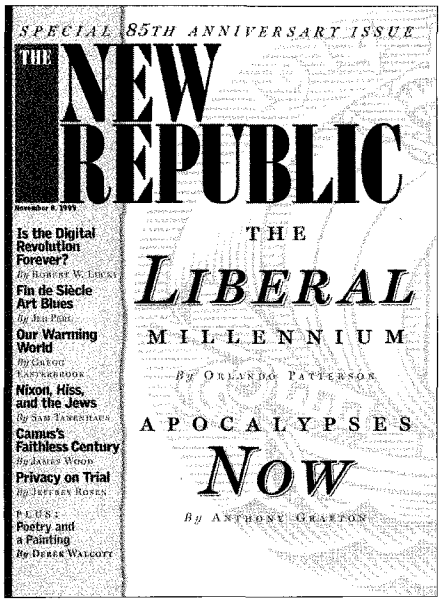
C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Secrets and lies

TO THE EDITORS:

If the Public Citizen Litigation Group's October 12 press conference was a "pseudo-event," then Sam Tanenhaus's piece in the November 8 issue ("Open Secrets") is the epitome of the pseudo-article—a self-serving manipulation of fact that distorts truth and belittles the significance of a precedent-setting ruling by a federal court. The article provides direct evidence that Tanenhaus has given the 4,250 or so pages of testimony that was released a cursory reading at best. If he had read the testimony of the witnesses in the order that they appeared before the grand jury, he would realize that my characterization of Richard Nixon's pivotal role is not "broad and sensational"; nor is the conclusion regarding him "misleading and fanciful." The transcripts reveal an opportunistic Nixon, a politician with an uncanny sense of drama who possessed commanding forensic qualities that enabled him to control and manipulate events in that grand jury room. I stand behind my assessment that the speech was his "crowning achievement as an orator before his Checkers speech"—and I challenge Tanenhaus, or any thoughtful historian who bothers to read the transcript of testimony of the entire first grand jury that led up to Alger Hiss's indictment, to reach any other conclusion. In fact, if I recall correctly, Tanenhaus himself characterized the testimony as "classically Nixonian ... a clever piece of argument."

What is particularly galling, though, is that Tanenhaus, like most of the reporters who covered the conference, missed the true significance of the release of these documents. By devoting an inordinate amount of attention to the Nixon appearance, he ignores the wealth of information provided by other witnesses, whose collective testimony shed new light on the Hiss-Chambers controversy. For example, the transcripts give concrete evidence of illegal FBI wiretapping. Other testimony raises questions relating to constitutional issues such as the separation of powers between the executive and judicial branches; also included is the testimony of Hiss's stepson, Timothy Hobson, who, because of his sexual orientation, was not permitted to testify during either of Hiss's trials. But, perhaps most importantly, this unsealing of secret grand jury testimony is significant because it is the first time in the nation's 220-plus years that such evidence has been made public principally because of its historical value. It sets a precedent that will insure greater openness and public access to historical records for generations to come. I'm proud of the role I played in the release of these records, and deep down I think Tanenhaus is, too.



DR. BRUCE CRAIG
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITORS:

Sam Tanenhaus's piece reads like the grousing of a guest invited to a cocktail party who then complains that he was not served a nine-course dinner. As the lawyer representing a coalition of historians who successfully gained access to the grand jury records relating to the indictment of Alger Hiss, I convened a group of scholars to examine the materials in order to evaluate their historical significance and share their observations with the press. Because of Tanenhaus's excellent biography of Whittaker Chambers, I asked that he be invited. He now professes puzzlement over how he "got mixed up" in the press briefing, but the short answer is that he jumped at the chance.

Tanenhaus asserts that the scholars made "broad and sensational claims." That simply is not so. Indeed, each of the historians was careful to say that he agreed with the fundamental assessment Tanenhaus offers—that "the new documents add to our understanding of the atmospherics surrounding the case, but they have no bearing on the question of espionage." Moreover, Tanenhaus misleadingly conflates two separate points I made to state that I "conjectured that ... the case might have been thrown out of court." With respect to Nixon's appearances before the grand jury, I said that, under current law, an effort by a member of Congress to obtain an individual's indictment—particularly in the way Nixon did—raised troubling separation-of-powers problems that would have given Hiss's lawyers grounds to seek dismissal. I did not say, however, as Tanenhaus implies, that Hiss's case would necessarily have been dismissed on that basis.

With respect to whether the grand jury records would have given Hiss's side more ammunition at trial, I did say that Hiss's defense would have significantly benefited from access to the records for a variety of reasons that had nothing to do with Hiss's guilt or innocence. Tanenhaus seizes on one point I made—Chambers's complete reversal of field in his identification of a key participant in the conspiracy—and trivializes it as "an error Chambers made in identifying one of his accomplices." This was no mere error. At one point in his grand jury testimony, Chambers flatly accused an individual of being a key co-conspirator. When confronted with conflicting evidence, Chambers then completely recanted. My point was that Hiss's lawyers would have used Chambers's misidentification—and many other instances of either lapses in Chambers's memory or outright lies that were not disclosed to them—to further undercut Chambers's credibility as a witness.

DAVID C. VLADECK
Director
Public Citizen Litigation Group
Visiting Professor of Law
Georgetown University Law Center

SAM TANENHAUS REPLIES:

If the press conference was indeed the solemn historic occasion Bruce Craig believes it was, then will he explain why a table stacked with copies of Tony Hiss's new memoir was set up outside? Would he feel better if I had described it as a "book event" rather than a pseudo-event? As for the inordinate attention paid to the Nixon materials, it was Craig and company who leaked those pages to *The New York Times* for the purpose of arousing interest.

David C. Vladeck, fixated on minutiae, continues to miss the point, so I'll restate it: During the Hiss trials, those portions of Chambers's grand jury testimony deemed most perjurious (by the judge) were made available to the defense—and to the jury. Moreover, the prosecutor offered to release the entire grand jury transcript, only to meet opposition from the defense. Clearly, then, the defense concluded that the fullest possible record would prove more damaging to Hiss than to his accuser. And they were right, as the emergence of true evidence—from archives in

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Washington and Moscow—has made abundantly clear.

Overblown

TO THE EDITORS:

Your article about my client Linda Shenwick, a U.N. whistle-blower, not only republished false charges made by anonymous State Department personnel but also omitted material and relevant facts of which your reporters had knowledge ("The Source," by Jacob Heilbrunn and Ryan Lizza, November 1).

First, Shenwick was reporting waste and fraud at the United Nations prior to receiving a bad evaluation; in fact, she received four "outstanding" evaluations and one "excellent" evaluation until Madeleine Albright became U.N. ambassador and saw to it that Shenwick was the first senior executive service (SES) employee in the history of the State Department to receive an "unsatisfactory." Your article mistakenly makes it appear that the whistle-blowing occurred after Shenwick was criticized.

Second, your article mocks as petty Shenwick's reporting Ambassador Thomas Pickering for improperly allowing his wife to use an official car. To the government chauffeur who came to Shenwick for help, the issue was not the money but that Pickering was asking him to lie on his manifest, a possible felony. The article stated that, after settling the case, "Shenwick [was] still in her job." Why did it omit that the settlement included two back promotions (to an SES 4) and reimbursement of her attorney fees?

Third, your article falsely accuses Shenwick of trying to help Jorge Jose Duhalt get a U.N. job in March 1997 by getting a U.N. resolution passed. It continues: "Duhalt now says that he would have been uninterested in the jobs that became available under the resolution anyway." Your article omits the fact, also related to you by Duhalt, that these jobs were one level junior to his position at the time, so he would not ever have been interested in getting one of those jobs.

Fourth, in our meeting with your reporters, Shenwick's discussion of Susan Shearouse, who is Shenwick's successor, was brought about only by your reporters' false allegation that Shenwick helped Duhalt get a job at the United Nations. Telling someone that a deadline was not firm—the extent of Shenwick's involvement in helping Duhalt—could not be construed in any way as helping that person get a job. The point we were making and the question that arises is: If such "nepotism" is wrong for Shenwick, then why is it accepted for Shearouse to have helped both her then-husband and her

continued on page 45

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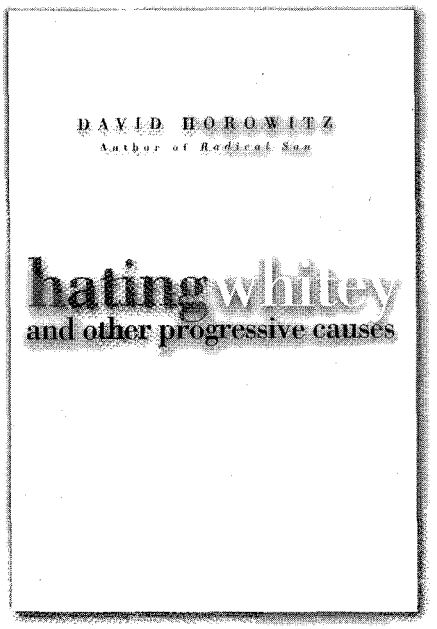

"David Horowitz —the onetime '60s radical and ally of the Black Panthers went through a Whittaker Chambers-like conversion that he documented in Radical Son. Hating Whitey—with its inflammatory title—deserves a reading. Horowitz is angry and polemical, but he is also a clear and ruthless thinker. What he says has an indignant sanity about it. For cautionary perspective in an argument like this, it pays to remember that Hiss was guilty and Chambers was right."

—Lance Morrow
TIME Magazine, November 22, 1999

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Disunion

SOMETHING CURIOUS IS happening in Europe. In a spate of recent elections, national-populist parties have made unprecedented advances. In Austria, Jörg Haider's Freedom Party has bitten deeply into the constituencies of the two traditional governing parties and is now the second-most-powerful political force in the country. In Switzerland, Christoph Blocher and his supporters have pried open the long-standing, cozy division of votes among the old ruling coalition and are demanding a share of governmental power commensurate with their swelling support. The Flemish far right in Belgium, the Vlaams Blok, now gets the greatest number of votes in Antwerp, the country's second-largest city, and is poised to establish dominance in the Flemish suburbs of Brussels itself. In Sweden, the recent eruption of neo-Nazi terrorism is the dominant issue in public life.

Commentators in Europe and the United States have taken note of these developments, of course. But they have largely missed their significance—for two reasons. The first is our fixation on the past. Haider's much-quoted admiration for Nazi economic policy, his warm words of welcome to aging Waffen SS veterans, and his father's career as a Nazi storm trooper have panicked Israelis, Americans, and even some Austrians into nightmare visions of a revived Reich. Likewise, the racist, authoritarian Vlaams Blok looks and sounds like the latest and worst version of Flemish separatism in its most xenophobic incarnation—firmly rooted in Flemish collaboration with the Nazis in World War II. And Blocher's studied emphasis on foreign intrusion into Swiss affairs plays heavily on popular resentment of recent "Jewish" criticism of Switzerland's shady role in that same war.

So is this the much-anticipated return of the past, the revival of a fascism long discredited but now free of guilt and at liberty to rise again? If only! Nothing would be easier than to tar these men with the brush of right-wing extremism, to dismiss the reason for their appeal as hysterical nostalgia and their supporters as the marginal and the disgruntled—to crush them with the weight of history's portentous lessons. But it doesn't work. Like Umberto Bossi and his Northern League in Italy, Blocher, Haider, and the others come without historical baggage. As Haider never tires of reminding his audiences, he has the good fortune of a late birth and thus no complex about Austria's undigested and indigestible past. His appeal is pitched to workers and young professionals unconcerned with old quarrels and contested memories.

The Vlaams Blok and the Northern League play the separatist card, to be sure; but they have no quarrel with democracy, and most of their voters know little and care less about history. Nor do these groups represent the helpless, resentful victims of economic or political cataclysm: Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, Sweden, and the north of Italy (or France, where Jean-Marie Le Pen's National Front has done so well in recent years) are among the most prosperous and stable places on earth.

If our fixation on the fascist past is one impediment to understanding these developments, the other is a conventional insistence upon the "crisis of the left." To be sure, the implosion of communism has produced great soul-searching. What does it mean today to talk of "socialism"? To what end do "socialist" parties now exist? What sense is there in speaking or writing of "the left," and how is it to be defined? These are legitimate interrogations (even if they do collapse into empty rhetoric about the Third Way), but they have a rather ethereal and self-referentially intellectual air about them.

For, in practice, parties calling themselves "Left" or "Socialist" are doing rather nicely in Europe today. They are in power in France, Britain, Germany, Italy, Austria, Portugal, the Netherlands, and most of Scandinavia. It is the *right* that is in crisis—and therein lies a clue to understanding the success of these national-populist parties. The mainstream right and right-of-center parties in much of Western Europe are in deep disarray. There are some contingent and local explanations for this—hapless leadership in Britain and France, corruption and scandals in Italy and Belgium, personal antagonisms everywhere. But there is something else as well.

In the European political tradition, the right stood for the nation and the state—in contrast to, and against, the internationalism of the liberal and socialist left. But, in the Europe of the European Union—of the Maastricht, Schengen, and Amsterdam treaties; of the European Court and the European Commission; of superregions and devolution—the nation-state cuts a poor figure. Indeed, most continental right-of-center parties have been committed to the European idea since 1945. In the aftermath of Hitler's defeat, it was Christian Democratic parties that oversaw and implemented the original project, leaving their Social Democratic opponents to espouse the interests of their respective working populations, in spite of their "internationalist" aspirations. But today both sides are unabashedly "European"; the result is a vacuum in the space once occupied by parties of the "national interest."

For much of the postwar era, this denationalizing of public life in Europe hardly mattered—indeed, it was taken as a virtue, a token of new and better times, and not just in Germany. But the long postwar interregnum is coming to a close. The taboo on talking about the nation is being set aside. German intellectuals now speak and write of the "courage" to stop wallowing in national self-laceration for past crimes—and in this, as in other matters, where Germany leads, Europe will follow.

This process was already under way in the 1980s, but it was exacerbated first by the collapse of communism and the potential expansion of the EU to the liberated East, and then by the crisis in the Balkans. These developments have raised widespread anxiety, from Italy to Sweden, about the prospect of a surge of Eastern European refugees and job-seekers into the prosperous lands to the west. And with mainstream left and right alike hobbled by their commitment to "Brussels" and their acquired distaste for one-nation rhetoric, "outsider" parties have arisen—sometimes in the guise of old movements and labels, sometimes not. They share a common dislike for the cozy insider coalitions and cross-party rhetorical conventions of the postwar decades; they are not constrained by fears of seeming xenophobic or nationalistic—indeed, they make a virtue of breaking those taboos—and they trade profitably on a growing sense among electorates left and right that economic and cultural change is coming fast and no one is minding the national store. (It might be thought that similar sentiments have infected a certain American political party.)

These national-populist parties do not seek to revive the past; nor are they inhibited by it. Whether they represent the future remains unclear, but their opponents will have to counter with something more inspiring than promises of ever-greater European unity. For it is this very fixation upon "Europe" on which they thrive. Reports of the death of the nation-state are, as usual, exaggerated. Interesting times lie ahead.

TONY JUDT

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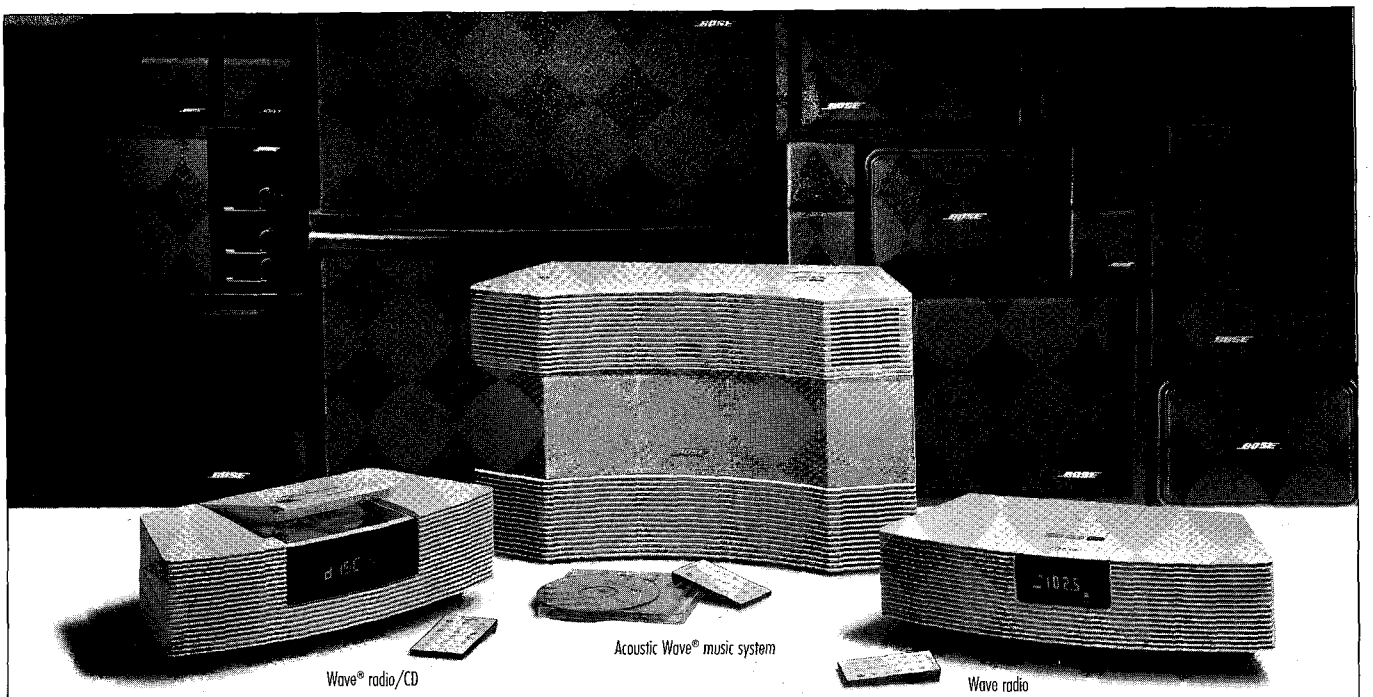

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Five Years Ago Discussing Reform of Drug Policy Was Taboo. Now Ending the Drug War Is Popular!

by Kevin B. Zeese

KEVIN B. ZEESE

Over the past two years voters in seven states and the District of Columbia passed initiatives favoring medical marijuana or decriminalization of marijuana generally and treating drug offenses as a health issue rather than a law enforcement issue. Recently, a wide array of groups, including the NAACP, Volunteers of America, YWCA, the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, the United Methodist Church and the Rainbow/PUSH Coalition, have called for a new approach to drug control.

There are at least three good reasons for revaluation of our current approaches:

Does Not Protect American Youth

Last year almost 10 percent of America's children between the ages of 12 and 17 used illegal drugs. That's nearly twice the 1992 percentage. Before graduating from high school, half will try an illegal drug.

Throughout the last two decades approximately 90 percent of high school students have said illegal drugs are easy for them to get-easier than beer.

Advocates for the current policy claim drug use has decreased since 1978. These claims are highly doubtful. 1) These figures come from a voluntary survey conducted by the federal government. Do we think people will be as honest about their drug use in the repressive 90s as they would have been in the more permissive 70s? 2) Certain key populations, among them prisoners, are not included in the survey. 3) Even according to this survey, last year, nearly 14 million Americans used illegal drugs. That's an increase of over 1.5 million drug users since the beginning of the Clinton Administration. 4) The health and social problems associated with drugs have worsened since 1978- overdose deaths and mentions of drugs in hospital emergency rooms are at record highs, while the spread of disease such as AIDS and hepatitis-C is rampant. These serious health problems are largely the result of prohibition which makes it impossible to know the purity of illegal drugs, discourages people from seeking prompt medical treatment for fear of incarceration, and often prohibits the sale of sterile syringes thereby spreading disease.

Americans recognize the drug war is not working: gangs and cartels are getting richer, adolescents have easy access to drugs, overdose deaths are at record highs. We are spending too much on a policy that doesn't work.

High Costs Without Results

At the Federal level the drug control budget has increased from $9 billion to $18 billion in less than a decade. Since Reagan-era nearly $200 billion has been spent on the drug war by the federal government. Nationally we spend approximately $50 billion annually on drug control.

Drugs are more potent and less expensive despite record arrests and incarceration of drug offenders. Since 1991, the price of pure heroin has dropped from over $3,000 per gram to $1,000 per gram, cocaine prices have dropped from $275 per gram to $94 per gram.

The economics of drug prohibition are undermining the economies and democratic institutions in foreign countries. The drug market is a $400 billion per year industry, equaling 8% of the world's trade according to the United Nations. The US Office of National Drug Control Policy estimates that $57 billion is spent annually on drugs in the US alone. Drug profits fuel insurgency movements, corrupt public officials and undermine the world's economy because prohibition turns plants into products more valuable than gold.

Cruel and Discriminatory Practices

Arrest and incarceration rates are at record highs. Over 1.5 million people are arrested each year for drug offenses, two-thirds for mere possession according to the FBI. Nationally, 1.8 million Americans are behind bars; 400,000 are incarcerated for drug offenses.

Only 11% of the nation's drug users are black; however, blacks constitute almost 37% of those arrested for drug violations, over 42% of those in federal prisons for drug violations, and almost 60% of those in state prisons for drug felonies.

What Can We Do?

We can be more effective if we are pragmatic, base our policy choices on the facts and are not afraid to face-up to the failure of current policy. Citizens need to get informed, get active and help end a very expensive and destructive policy. Future columns will discuss alternatives to the drug war. To learn more now, please visit www.csdp.org for alternative approaches, accurate information and connections to reform-minded organizations. And let us know how you or your organization can help spread the reform message.

Common Sense for Drug Policy, Kevin B. Zeese, President
703-354-9050, 703-354-5695, info@csdp.org, http://www.csdp.org.

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The Whole and Awful Truth

The tragedy that took place following the fall of Srebrenica is shocking for two reasons. It is shocking, first and foremost, for the magnitude of the crimes committed. Not since the horrors of World War II had Europe witnessed massacres on this scale. The mortal remains of close to 2,500 men and boys have been found on the surface, in mass grave sites and in secondary burial sites. Several thousand more men are still missing, and there is every reason to believe that additional burial sites, many of which have been probed but not exhumed, will reveal the bodies of thousands more men and boys. The great majority of those who were killed were not killed in combat: the exhumed bodies of the victims show large numbers had their hands bound, or were blindfolded, or were shot in the back or the back of the head. Numerous eyewitness accounts, now well corroborated by forensic evidence, attest to scenes of mass slaughter of unarmed victims.

The fall of Srebrenica is also shocking because the enclave's inhabitants believed that the authority of the United Nations Security Council, the presence of UNPROFOR peacekeepers, and the might of NATO air power would ensure their safety. Instead, the Serb forces ignored the Security Council, pushed aside the UNPROFOR troops, and assessed correctly that air power would not be used to stop them. They overran the safe area of Srebrenica with ease, and then proceeded to depopulate the territory within 48 hours. Their leaders then engaged in high-level negotiations with representatives of the international community while their forces on the ground executed and buried thousands of men and boys within a matter of days....

The United Nations experience in Bosnia was one of the most difficult and painful in our history. It is with the deepest regret and remorse that we have reviewed our own actions and decisions in the face of the assault on Srebrenica. Through error, misjudgement and an inability to recognize the scope of the evil confronting us, we failed to do our part to help save the people of Srebrenica from the Serb campaign of mass murder. No one regrets more than we the opportunities for achieving peace and justice that were missed. No one laments more than we the failure of the international community to take decisive action to halt the suffering and end a war that had produced so many victims. Srebrenica crystallized a truth understood only too late by the United Nations and the world at large: that Bosnia was as much a moral cause as a military conflict. The tragedy of Srebrenica will haunt our history forever.

Those painfully true paragraphs are articles 467, 468, and 503 of the "Srebrenica Report" of the secretary general of the United Nations, which Kofi Annan released on November 15, 1999, four years and four months after the massacre that began to bring the contemptibly complacent West to its senses and resulted (though not until another "safe area" called Zepa fell to the murdering Serbs and the marketplace in Sarajevo was bombed) in the use of military force to put a stop to the genocide that had been proceeding in Bosnia for years.

The secretary general's report is startling in its candor. It remarks critically upon "the prism of 'moral equivalency' [between the Bosnian victims and the Serb victimizers] through which the conflict in Bosnia was viewed by too many for too long." It admits to "the pervasive ambivalence within the United Nations regarding the role of force in the pursuit of peace" and to "an institutional ideology of impartiality even when confronted with attempted genocide." It confesses that "we were, with hindsight, wrong to declare repeatedly and publicly that we did not want to use air power against the Serbs except as a last resort, and to accept the shelling of the safe areas as a daily occurrence." It acknowledges that "with the benefit of hindsight ... we tried to keep the peace and apply the rules of peacekeeping where there was no peace to keep." It concludes that "the problem, which cried out for a political/military solution, was that a Member State of the United Nations, left largely defenseless as a result of an arms embargo imposed upon it *by the United Nations*, was being dismembered by forces committed to its destruction. This was not a problem with a humanitarian solution." And most resoundingly, it proclaims that "the United Nations' global commitment to ending conflict does not preclude moral judgements, but makes them necessary."

When we read all these right and unshabby lines, we rubbed our eyes. This, the moral weather at the United Nations? It seems to be, this week. To be sure, there is something a little attenuated about the strictly institutional tone of the reckoning: nobody at the United Nations lost a job because of his complicity in the ethnic cleansing in the Balkans. (Indeed, the undersecretary general for peacekeeping operations in the wicked summer of 1995 is now the secretary general himself; the remorseful Kofi Annan is somewhat similar to the remorseful Janet Reno, even if Waco and Srebrenica can hardly be compared.) And those little appeals to "hindsight" are not exactly evidence of exigence: Annan's current understanding was also available at the time. There were many contemporary observers of the Bosnian catastrophe who thought—no, who *knew*—these things about the Serbian crime and the Western policy toward it. And so the report of the United Nations is an admirable document that leaves us sickened. After those blue helmets, what forgiveness? We congratulate the secretary general upon his genuine thirst for the truth, and we recommend to all peoples and states in danger for their lives to seek assistance elsewhere. ■

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NOTEBOOK

LOGROLLING: There was something sickeningly familiar about George W. Bush's declaration on "Meet the Press" that he would "probably not" meet with Log Cabin Republicans, those gay GOPers who have managed to swallow their pride and stay in their party. First, there was that "probably." It is a feature of W.'s campaign style that he doesn't rule out any possible adjustment to the future political temperature. Then there was his justification. "I am someone who is a uniter, not a divider. I don't believe in group thought, pitting one group of people against another," he said. "And all that does is create kind of a huge political, you know, nightmare for people. I mean, it's as if an individual doesn't count, but the group that the individual belongs in is more important." Excuse us? What on earth does any of that mean, and what could it possibly have to do with Log Cabin Republicans? Gay Republicans are, of all people, men and women who have most resisted, often to the point of being ridiculed, the notion of groupthink. Does Bush's statement therefore mean that he doesn't believe in meeting with any identifiable group of people, such as, say, Hispanics? His long record of relentless ethnic pandering suggests otherwise. What Bush's words plainly mean is that he is unprepared to meet with openly gay people simply because they are openly gay and it might lead to some political fallout with the religious right. Compare Bush with John McCain, whose campaign's legal counsel is openly gay, who has already met with Log Cabin, and who, despite honest disagreements about policy, has shown no discomfort with gay men and women. Or even compare Bush with Steve Forbes, who has stated his willingness to meet with the members of any Republican group, if only to disagree with them. By contrast, Bush's expediency is an obnoxious echo of his father's unprincipled pandering to the religious right. But this should come as no surprise. As governor of Texas, Bush has doggedly opposed even minimal civil rights for homosexuals. He has even told a Christian-right group that he would not "knowingly" appoint a gay person to a post in his administration, a position that puts him to the right of Jerry Falwell. William Safire remarked after watching Bush's "Meet the Press" appearance that it was a "respectable" performance. Only if respectability encompasses overt bigotry in a possible president of the United States.

March 19, 2001

MEMO

FROM: Marvin Olasky, Domestic Policy Adviser
TO: President Bush
RE: A drug-free, faith-based America

Update on Project "Ask Not What God Can Do For You": All programs of Campaign for a Drug-Free America are now administered by church volunteers; addicts being transformed daily, willing hearts being touched. Accepted proposal of the Southern Baptists to run Leavenworth. Pentecostals and Deepak Chopra in bidding war for Sing Sing.

Looking ahead: Given success of faith-based prison rehab (latest figures: 300 prisoners brought to Christ per month!), should consider new ways to replace govt. bureaucracy with compassion infantry, as per campaign promise. Attorney General John Whitehead and Secretary of Interior Reggie White suggest potential growth area: faith-based executions. (Maybe call "compassionate executionism"?) Of course, program would be open to prisoners of all faiths. Have already received proposals from several religious organizations on ways to make final hours meaningful, ensure smooth passage to world to come, etc.:

Southern Baptists—suggest simultaneous baptism/drowning.

Jews (NOT Messianic)—offer not one but two last meals; also a Danish.

Amish—chair must be non-electric, possibly powered by steam.

Unitarians—interfaith executions. Post-trauma therapy for firing squad.

New Age—natural, herb-infused injection; perhaps a tantric execution. (Possible use of George Winston music as background, though legal office says may constitute cruel and unusual punishment.)

Upside: death row inmates even more ready than average prisoners to hear God's word. Downside: possible perception of "deathbed conversions." Details to come.

Marvin

P.S. Did not appreciate comment of a "senior administration official" in Vanity Fair this month referring to "a drug-free, faith-based America" as "a free-based America."

"PROTEST SUCCESSFUL": Thus declares the website of the Simon Wiesenthal Center, the famous Nazi-hunting/human rights organization. "Thanks to your protests and the action of the Minister of Justice in Germany, Amazon.com has finally complied and declared it will no longer ship Adolf Hitler's manifesto *Mein Kampf* to buyers in Germany." Several months ago, a researcher for the center discovered that *Mein Kampf* (banned for German consumers since World War II) was available to Germans through the online bookstore. Not only could interested readers buy the banned book, but Amazon's e-mail solicitation system would follow up with an "if you liked this book" message recommending the works of neo-Nazi writers. The Wiesenthal Center contacted Jeff Bezos, president and founder of Amazon.com, demanding that he remove the book from his megastore. At first Bezos was reluctant to do so. Then the Wiesenthal Center got the German Justice Ministry involved. Rabbi Abraham Cooper, associate dean of the Wiesenthal Center, explains that banning the book was "part of an overall

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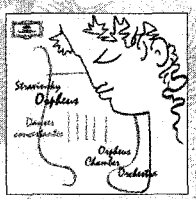

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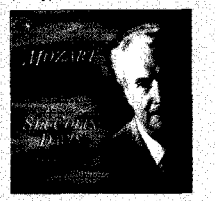

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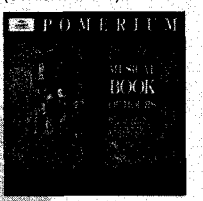

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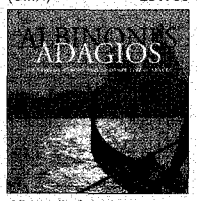

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Plácido Domingo—*Por Amor (For Love)* (Atlantic) **266148**

Mozart: *Haffner Serenade, more.* Charles Mackerras, cond. (Telarc) **216457**

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Agnus Dei: *Music Of Inner Harmony* Choir Of New College (Erato) **215079**

Haydn: *The Last 3 String Quartets* L'Archibudelli (Vivarte) **214999**

Holst: *The Planets* Leonard Slatkin (RCA) **213942**

Handel: *Water Music* Norrington (Virgin Veritas) **213868**

Barber's Adagio All authorized versions (RCA) **211714**

Brahms: *Concerto For Violin And Cello* Itzhak Perlman (Teldec) **210658**

Rachmaninov: *Piano Cto No 3, etc.* John Lill (Nimbus) **210575**

Bach: *Motets* Rias Chamber Choir (Har. Mundi) **194233**

Skriabin: *Mazurkas* Marta Deyanova (Nimbus) **188888**

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Mozart: *Eine kleine Nachtmusik; Posthorn Serenade* Mackerras (Telarc) **178210**

Gilbert & Sullivan: *HMS Pinafore* Mackerras (Telarc) **178186**

Gilbert & Sullivan: *The Pirates of Penzance* Mackerras (Telarc) **178178**

Telemann: *Water Music* Reinhard Goebel (Archiv) **177121**

Vivaldi: *The Four Seasons* Itzhak Perlman, Israel Phil. (EMI) **176974**

Paganini: *Caprices* Perlman (EMI) **176842**

Strauss: *The 2 Horn Concertos;* **Hindemith:** *Horn Concerto* Dennis Brain (EMI) **176909**

"Hamlet"—*A Kenneth Branagh Film, Orig. Sndtrk.* (Sony) **176800**

Mahler: *Das Lied Von Der Erde* Ludwig, Wunderlich, Klemperer (EMI) **176511**

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Schubert, Boccherini: *String Quintets* Stern, Lin, Laredo, Ma, Robinson (Sony) **172361**

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Chopin: *Nocturnes* Maria Joao Pires (DG) ⊡ **172171**

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Tallis: *Lamentations of Jeremiah, more.* The Hilliard Ensemble (ECM New Series) **170829**

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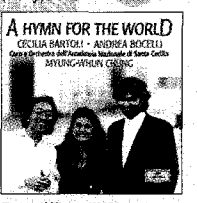
The Mozart Sessions—Bobby McFerrin & Chick Corea (Sony) **167411**



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game plan to rehabilitate and strengthen democratic values in Germany, and also one of the ways to signal the rest of the world, especially Germany's immediate neighbors, that she wasn't going to go down that same path again." Promoting "democratic values" by blatantly stifling free speech? But the Wiesenthal Center doesn't have time for such trifles. It has moved on to new targets, such as Ebay.com, the online auction house, which offers 50-plus Web pages of Nazi memorabilia. It's "not First Amendment," Cooper explains, "but commerce." Oh.

CALL GIRL: This week, the Clinton administration proposed federal rules requiring companies to adopt ergonomics programs to prevent repetitive-motion injuries at work. Republicans are already complaining that the new rules would cost billions and hurt small businesses. As if to prove their point, Reuters reports that a Florida phone-sex operator has won a workers' compensation settlement on the grounds that she developed carpal tunnel syndrome—from masturbating at work seven times a day. "She was told to do whatever it takes to keep the person on the phone as long as possible," said the woman's lawyer, whose client, according to Reuters, answered the telephone with one hand and used the other to "note customers' names and fetishes and to give herself an orgasm during the verbal exchanges." Claiming she had developed her injury from "repetitive use of the phone," the woman asked to be reimbursed for $30,000 in medical costs after a neurosurgeon operated on her hand. If the Clinton administration's proposed rules are adopted, employers in "problem jobs" will have to consult with workers about how to reduce their risks of injury. Why not ask the phone-sex operators if they'd consider faking it?

NOT KEEPING THE FAITH: The Clinton administration's passivity in the face of Russia's awful war in Chechnya is regrettably predictable, but one might have expected better from the Islamic world. After all, in 1991, when the West turned a blind eye toward Slobodan Milosevic's horrible ethnic-cleansing campaign against the Bosnian Muslims, Islamic countries rushed to their coreligionists' aid, supplying the Bosnians with arms and even volunteer soldiers. Then, in 1995, when the United Nations established a peacekeeping force in the region, almost one-quarter of the 40,000-strong force came from Muslim countries, among them Egypt, Jordan, Pakistan, Malaysia, Indonesia, Nigeria, Bangladesh, and Turkey. So how are Muslim countries reacting to the sight of another Islamic people being brutalized by their Eastern Orthodox neighbor? By doing almost nothing at all. Not only are they not sending aid to the Chechens, but, according to several U.N. diplomats, most Islamic member states oppose even a U.N. resolution criticizing Russia, much less levying sanctions. Apparently, Russia's argument that its war is an internal affair against a renegade republic—a justification similar to the one Slobodan Milosevic used for his actions in Bosnia—resonates with many Islamic countries that face secessionist movements in their own lands. Evidently, Muslim brotherhood runs only so deep.

ONE OR THE OTHER:
"COLORADO'S RATE OF TB 'REMARKABLY LOW'"
—*Denver Rocky Mountain News*, November 14
"STATE'S RATE OF DRUG-RESISTANT TB 'VERY, VERY HIGH'"
—same paper, same day, same article
(Thanks to David Miller of Denver.)

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS I: Ceci Connolly of *The Washington Post* tells us that, contrary to what Dana Milbank reported in his November 29 article on Al Gore spokesman Chris Lehane ("The Jester"), she was not the reporter who initially asked the vice president about his Palm Pilot. Connolly does admit, however, that once the Palm Pilot matter was broached, she did ask Gore whether his Christmas list was on it. We regret the confusion.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS II: Charles Lane's TRB in the November 8 issue ("Gone Awry") mistakenly reported that Ugandan dictator Idi Amin was overthrown in 1975. Amin was actually overthrown in 1979. ■

VINT'S WEEK

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Athens Dispatch

Modern Orthodox

By TAKIS MICHAS

LAST WEEK PRESIDENT CLINTON encountered one of the largest and most violent protests he had ever confronted during a visit to a foreign country. Thousands of demonstrators marched through the streets brandishing stones and Molotov cocktails. The American flag was burned to chants of "Clinton murderer go home." And it all took place not in Baghdad or Belgrade but in the cradle of Western democracy: Athens, Greece.

Though Greek police kept the protestors far away from the president, nothing could shield Clinton, or anyone watching in the West, from their message: Greece may be a member of NATO and the European Union, but it is not part of the West. It may have been during the cold war, when being Western meant being anti-Communist. But today "Western" implies a consciousness of the universality of human rights, and in Greece that is very hard to find.

There are, of course, more proximate explanations for last week's outpouring of anger. But none of them tells the full story. It's true that the president's visit almost coincided with the anniversary of a student uprising against the U.S.-supported military junta that ruled Greece from 1967 to 1974. That uprising was brutally suppressed, and many Greeks still resent the United States for backing the dictators—whose anti-communism appealed to President Nixon—over the democratic but leftist opposition. Yet not only was Clinton not responsible for U.S. policy during that period; since coming to power, he has criticized it.

Many Greeks are also furious at the United States for opposing the Serbs in Bosnia and Kosovo. During the Balkan wars, the Greeks identified not with their NATO allies but with their Serbian Eastern Orthodox coreligionists. Greece's Eastern Orthodox Church has done its best to fan such sentiments. Under its present leader, Archbishop Christodoulos, the church has adopted a fierce anti-Western stance. As far as Christodoulos and his church are concerned, the West is the source of all of Greece's misfortunes. "The powerful of the earth," he thundered in a recent sermon, "commit injustices against the Greeks and ignore the rightful claims of Hellenism."

Christodoulos's xenophobia reached its peak last month when the Holy Synod of the Greek Orthodox Church refused Pope John Paul's unofficially expressed wish to visit Greece. And, throughout the conflict in Kosovo, the Greek church sermonized endlessly in praise of its Serbian "brethren." During the war in Bosnia, it was not uncommon for Greek priests to visit and give their blessings to the troops of General Radko Mladic, an indicted war criminal.

Still, while religious loyalty may explain the sympathy many Greeks feel for the Serbs, it does not account for something more sinister: their near-total absence of sympathy for the Serbs' victims. Throughout the conflict in Kosovo, not a single protest was organized in Greece against Serb atrocities, and the mass expulsion of hundreds of thousands of Albanians did not make front-page headlines—not even once—in any of Greece's 15 national dailies. The same indifference characterized Greek reactions to the war in Bosnia. I will never forget the excitement in the voices of the Greek TV newscasters as they reported the "fall" of Srebrenica and the "total defeat" of the "Muslims." For many, the Srebrenica victory was a common Greek-Serbian achievement, represented by the hoisting of the Greek flag alongside that of Serbia by Greek volunteers who had fought in the city. This at the site of a massacre possibly without equivalent in Europe since the Nazi period.

The issue dividing Greece from the West, then, is more than simply religious affinity. After all, even the anti-nationalist atheists of the Greek left lustily endorsed Serbia's crimes. The issue (ironically, given Greece's classical past) is the absence of a concept of "individual rights" in modern Greek political culture.

THE ROOTS OF this absence are historic. Professor Adamantia Polis of the New School of Social Research in New York has argued in an article in *The Journal of Hellenic Studies*: "The rise of the nation-state in Western Europe ... coincided with the emergence of political philosophers who spoke of the ... emergence of civil society and who espoused theories of the rights of man." But in Greece nation-building proceeded along a different path. Unlike the Western democracies—including Greece's neighbors, which were ruled by the Austro-Hungarian Empire—Greece was governed until the nineteenth century by the Ottoman Empire, in which the notion of the individual as anything other than part of a collective never developed. Thus, as Polis has written, "during the struggle for national liberation and in the formation of the Greek nationalist ideology, notions of individual rights or of civil society were not included." Instead, individuals were defined as belonging to the Greek nation, with the emphasis placed on national rather than individual rights.

The legacy of this stunted political development has left its imprint on nearly every aspect of Greek politics. "Today, anti-Western and anti-American discourse is promoted by both Stalinists from the left and conservatives from the extreme right," says Giannis Pretenteris, editor-in-chief of the Greek daily *To Vima*. Most worrisome, rather than seeking to reject these views, centrist parties—including both the social-democratic PASOK government of Prime Minister Kostas Simitis and the conservative opposition party, New Democracy, led by Kostas Karamanlis—themselves exhibit features of this anti-Western, anti-individual-rights mentality.

Leaders of some of the world's most bloodthirsty regimes,

TAKIS MICHAS is a Greek journalist and author of books and articles on Greek political history and modern philosophy.

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including Nicolae Ceauşescu, Muammar Qaddafi, Erich Honecker, Slobodan Milosevic, and Radovan Karadzic, have not only visited Greece but—in contrast to Clinton—have been welcomed with open arms. And the Greek government has not expressed even the slightest criticism of Russia's bloody campaign in Chechnya. As late as 1998, the Greek government was encouraging Greek firms to invest in Serb-run enterprises in Kosovo, over the objections of Ibrahim Rugova and the ethnic Albanian workers fired by those firms. During the war, deputies of both parties routinely denounced Clinton as a "murderer," while sparing Milosevic, or even Karadzic, that designation. Is it any surprise that Clinton got such an unpleasant reception? ■

New York Dems sour on Hillary.

The Morning After

By MICHELLE COTTLE

THE COURSE OF true love never did run smooth: Having pursued and wooed and pledged their troth to the fair Hillary Clinton, New York Democrats now grumble that their girl may not be all they had hoped for. Hillary's most recent misstep—her meeting with wacked-out Palestinian First Lady Suha Arafat—is giving New York Democrats a serious case of cold feet. Can she juggle the conflicting demands of a first lady and a Senate wannabe? Does she have a political tin ear? Will she pack up her campaign and abandon them altogether? "The party made this emotional commitment to Hillary," says a Democratic activist. "Now they're worried it's not going to work out."

One might even be inclined to pity New York's Dems. Over the past few weeks, Hillary has been pilloried not only for her unfortunate cheek-kiss with Suha but also for the pro-Hillary ads now running in New York, paid for by the national Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee. *The Boston Herald* just reported that a major Hillary fund-raiser represented Swiss banks accused of hoarding the savings of Holocaust victims. And the Office of Government Ethics has repudiated previous claims by the Clintons that it signed off on (or, indeed, was ever asked about) the basic propriety of the initial Chappaqua mortgage arrangement between the Clintons and Democratic fund-raising grandee Terry McAuliffe. Yes, New York Democrats would deserve our deepest sympathy, save for one detail. They asked for this.

Begged for it, actually. All through the spring and summer, the party gift-wrapped the nomination for Hillary. She was feted and fussed over; someone, somewhere, decided that a primary would be in poor taste, and lesser lights such as Representative Nita Lowey were shoved aside. All this despite the fact that every one of the first lady's flaws about which Dems now obsess was evident in those heady days of courtship. And many of the people now whining are the very same ones who pooh-poohed such concerns earlier.

"She's not showing the footwork generally associated with successful politicians," says one New York politico. How shocking. After all, during her husband's administration, Hillary was known as the consummate political strategist. Remember her clever plan to stonewall the Whitewater investigation? And the slick way she sold the Clinton health care plan? Or her well-received discussion of the "vast right-wing conspiracy"? Who could have predicted that Hillary lacked the political touch of gold?

Then there's the first lady's unfamiliarity with New York issues. It's true that Hillary does seem to blunder into local squabbles with amazing regularity. For instance, she recently inserted herself into a Democratic skirmish in New York's seventh congressional district by offering to attend a fund-raiser for Representative Joseph Crowley. Crowley is a pro-life Democrat elected last year after the district's longtime representative, Tom Manton, withdrew from the race and arranged to pass him the nomination. Encompassing the borough of Queens, the seventh district is a safe Democratic enclave; Crowley's only real threat comes from other Democrats angry about his pro-life position and the backroom tactics that gave him his seat. These Democrats are now miffed at the first lady for intruding. "It just shows how ham-handed her campaign is," says Queens Councilman John Sabini, one of Crowley's aspiring Democratic challengers.

A veteran New York candidate might have steered clear of a family feud in a securely Democratic district. But, here again, Democrats knew Hillary's carpetbagger status was a potential handicap, and they dismissed it. (Remember all the talk about the state that gave us Senator Robert Kennedy?) Now, lo and behold, it turns out that her lack of New York expertise is causing problems.

PERHAPS MOST ANNOYING is the hand-wringing over Hillary's difficulty balancing the roles of first lady and Senate candidate. How could anyone possibly have foreseen that six months ago? Did New York's pols seriously expect Hillary to wholly abandon her diplomatic duties to schlepp around Poughkeepsie full-time more than a year before the election? Of *course* "wearing two hats" gives the opposition twice the opportunity for attack. Hillary is now being excoriated for meeting with Arafat's wife, but, just before her trip, the *New York Post* accused her of cynically bowing to political concerns by refusing to meet with Arafat himself. It's a lose-lose situation.

Which brings us to another "should have known." Some Democrats say the real problem is not the candidate herself but the viciously hostile *Post*, which unfairly magnifies Team Hillary's blunders. "The *New York Post* is basically a campaign broadsheet for the Republican Party," says one Democratic activist. "When you have a campaign broadsheet published against you every day, it forces everybody to adapt. It forces other people into dealing with the issues as [the *Post*] has defined them." Absolutely true. And absolutely

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predictable. New York Dems knew how unrelenting the tabloid would be, even if Hillary didn't.

So why all the complaining now? "In the beginning, all they saw was the glamour," says the party activist. "And, remember, they didn't think they had a strong candidate within the state." But now, he says, reality is setting in, and the first lady's hesitancy to officially declare her candidacy only feeds the anxiety. "From the point of view of some random Democrat in the city, they're saying, 'Damn, she's getting attacked and we don't even know if she's running.'"

That said, rumors of a movement to dump Hillary are overstated. "Democrats have no choice," says one party player. "The grumbling now is more like, 'Hey, Mommy, please reassure us.'" But it's time for Democrats to buck up and stop whining. They've made their bed. It's a little late now to feign surprise at all the lumps they're finding in it. ■

Princeville Dispatch

High Ground

By JAKE HALPERN

NOT LONG AFTER Hurricane Floyd ravaged eastern North Carolina in September, Al Sharpton paid a visit to Princeville—the oldest black town in America, founded by freed slaves in 1865. But by the time Sharpton arrived there wasn't much left to see. During the storm, the Tar River had swept over the town's protective levee, lifting buildings off their foundations, submerging Princeville under 20 feet of water, and forcing the total evacuation of the town's 2,100 residents. Sharpton had come to make sure those residents return. "We need to rebuild the town of Princeville," he declared. Other African American luminaries agree. Jesse Jackson has called for a "reconstruction" of the town. The head of the North Carolina NAACP has put his organization on record as wanting to "maintain Princeville in its current location."

But not everyone in Princeville wants this sort of help. Indeed, many of those who lost their homes in the storm, and who—some two months later—are still living in temporary dwellings, have no interest whatsoever in resettling the town. "As far as living there again," says Curtis Jones, a 50-year-old man whose house was destroyed by the flood, "I don't have anything there to live for." Linwood Bridges, another Princeville resident, says, "If I can, I'm going to try to relocate to higher ground." Linda Battle, a 35-year-old Princeville native, is more blunt: "No way, no way am I going back."

And, in theory, they don't have to. The Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) has offered to "buy out"—and then destroy—the homes of any Princeville residents who wish to relocate. But the "Save Princeville" activists seem intent on keeping the money out of reach. Some Princeville residents are literally being made prisoners of their town's history.

For residents to qualify for the relocation money, Princeville's mayor, Delia Perkins, must apply to FEMA for it. But, unlike the mayors of 45 other towns in the region, she has refused to do so. Indeed, at first she refused even to tell her constituents that FEMA was offering the money. Once word of the buyouts leaked and angry Princeville residents heckled Perkins at a town meeting, she posted a sign-up sheet for those interested in taking FEMA up on its offer. Before the sheet was taken down in late October, 79 households had signed up. According to Cecil Brown, of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, roughly 25 percent of the town is interested in the buyout. Still, Perkins remains adamant: On November 22, Princeville's Board of Commissioners, comprised of Perkins and four other town officials, voted 3–2 to forgo the buyout for now. "This is our heritage, and this is where we plan to stay," Perkins said the next day. "From day one, we said we were rebuilding." Complains Robert Finch, a Princeville resident interested in taking FEMA up on its offer: "The town officials have been very uncooperative."

BUT, IF PERKINS is under pressure from some constituents, she's getting support from prominent outsiders like Sharpton. On Thanksgiving, Sharpton plans to return to Princeville, this time with Martin Luther King III, to stage a protest rally against the FEMA buyouts. "It's totally inadequate and I think it will lead to the breaking up of the oldest historic black town in this country," says Sharpton. "Because they really are making it appealing for people to leave this town. It's almost like they're being punished to stay." Sharpton says that FEMA is racist: "I don't know if this was another community—based on the history of another ethnic group—whether we would be that cavalier about offering them more to leave than to stay and preserve the history that this town represents."

In reality, however, FEMA is treating Princeville the same way it treats any town in a flood plain. In the nearby, racially diverse town of Speed, which was also devastated by Floyd, FEMA has instituted an identical buyout policy, and the town has gone ahead with it. After years of helping people rebuild homes—at great taxpayer expense—only to see them flooded again, FEMA recently began discouraging the residents of flood plains from rebuilding. It's a policy shift experts had urged for years. People in Princeville are free to rebuild, but, if they do so, they will receive very little disaster-relief aid from FEMA. (The only significant government assistance available to those who want to stay in Princeville consists of loans from the Small Business Administration.) "The river will flood again," says Penny Schmitt of the Army Corps of Engineers, the agency in charge of the town's levee. "It's just a question of when."

None of this is an accident. Indeed, Princeville's dangerous location is the reason freed slaves settled there in the first place. In North Carolina, as in much of the South, higher ground was reserved for whites. And Princeville has repeatedly paid the price for its inhospitable location. Since the turn of the century, it's been flooded six times, which has left little of the original Princeville still standing. Sharpton wants to preserve the town for its historic value, but, according to

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the North Carolina Department of Archives and History, only 50 of the town's 600 buildings predate World War II. Not a single building from the Reconstruction era still stands.

"The history is always going to be there; we'll never lose our history," says Bettie Sherrod, a longtime Princeville resident. "But, the point is, people have to live each day." While the town's history reflects a legacy of unfairness, in a way it perpetuates it, too, as residents are asked to honor their past by remaining in harm's way. FEMA's offer to help the residents of Princeville move to safer ground, then, is a practical remedy for an injustice perpetrated against African Americans 130 years ago. So why is Al Sharpton on the other side? ■

A dishonest good idea.

Spend a Little

By JONATHAN COHN

FOR WEEKS NOW, Vice President Al Gore has been slamming former Senator Bill Bradley's plan to make health insurance available to nearly all Americans. It's too expensive, Gore insists. And it's grossly inefficient, because it would cover many poor Americans who already have health care. Gore is absolutely right. But he's also missing the point. Bradley's plan is expensive and inefficient, and it's still a pretty good idea.

Any plan to expand medical coverage must focus on the least affluent, since they constitute most of the 44 million people without health insurance. Today, low-income Americans obtain insurance in one of three ways—none of them ideal. The lucky ones get it through their employers, as most middle-class workers do. But many of the working poor don't have jobs that offer benefits. The poorest of the poor receive Medicaid. But Medicaid pays doctors less than private insurance plans do, so few doctors still accept it. Plus, it's famously mismanaged and offers wildly different packages in different areas. Finally, some poor children qualify for a new federal program called the State Children's Health Insurance Program (S-CHIP). But, while S-CHIP is laudable, it has not lived up to its potential, in part because many states, skittish about picking up their portion of the tab, don't aggressively enroll children who qualify. The same problem afflicts Medicaid.

Gore, in his own health care initiative, has proposed strengthening this patchwork system. Among other things, Gore would expand eligibility for S-CHIP, allow parents to buy coverage through the program for themselves as well as their children, and mandate better outreach efforts. Gore claims his plan would lower the percentage of Americans without insurance from 16 percent to twelve percent. It is an admirable idea, and it certainly gives him a leg up on George W. Bush, who as governor of Texas has gone out of his way to keep S-CHIP as skimpy as possible. But Gore's plan won't get us from 16 percent to twelve. Even states truly committed to making S-CHIP work have had trouble enrolling a lot of children.

This is one reason Bradley wants to scrap the existing system altogether. With Bradleycare, there would be no more Medicaid and no more S-CHIP. Instead, Bradley would offer low-income Americans a direct subsidy to use for private health insurance. The subsidy would become progressively less generous for people who earn more, though Bradley would also offer a tax break for those who buy insurance with their own money. Bradley would also open up the Federal Employees Health Benefit Program (FEHBP) to anybody, at any income level, who wished to buy in. That's important because the FEHBP, which insures nine million federal employees nationwide, offers enrollees a choice among high-quality private health care plans.

Gore says Bradleycare would cost a lot and duplicate a lot of coverage. And he's right. Remember, Bradley wants to open up the federal employee plan to everybody—and give all low-income people a subsidy with which to buy it. It's likely, then, that many people who already get medical coverage through their jobs or pay for it themselves will look at those nice federal employee plans, with their superior benefits, and switch over. It's also probable that the people who most want generous benefits would be the most likely to jump—and they are the ones most likely to run up big health care bills. Meanwhile, employers would have a greater incentive to drop coverage, since they would know their workers could always enroll in the government program.

But is that really so terrible? The problem with health insurance in America is not simply that more than one-sixth of the population doesn't have it. It's also that a great many more cannot rely on their insurance because their policies are tied to their work. If they switch jobs, they often have to switch policies, then hope the new plan doesn't exclude preexisting or chronic conditions or leave them saddled with exorbitant co-payments. And, if they lose their jobs altogether, they're just plain out of luck, unless they qualify for Medicaid or can scrounge together the cash to buy a policy. By basing eligibility for his program strictly on income, Bradley gives these people the chance for some long-term security. Gore does not.

Another reason to inefficiently lavish subsidies on everybody is that it would make the system more equal. By targeting subsidies at only those people who currently lack insurance, Gore sticks to the essential impulse of federal policy ever since Clintoncare died in 1994—finding ever-smaller pockets of uninsured Americans and targeting help directly at them. But this approach implicitly penalizes people who have private insurance. And that includes people making, say, $20,000 a year who find a way to pay for insurance (if perhaps indirectly, through reduced wages) in order to treat a chronic condition or a sick child. These people deserve assistance as much as those who lack insurance altogether.

Finally, using taxpayer dollars to finance insurance for people who already possess coverage is inefficient only if you look at the federal budget as an isolated entity separate from the rest of the economy. When the government starts subsi-

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dizing insurance for people who now get it through their employers, a transfer occurs: the public sector takes on a cost burden, and the private sector gives one up. In principle, that shouldn't be a problem. Indeed, there are reasons to think that, in the grand scheme, it may be *more* efficient to have the public sector bear that burden. Among other things, the government can enable people to finance insurance based on their ability to pay rather than the likelihood of their getting sick or their ability to land a good job, which happens not only to be efficient but fair, as well.

Of course, that's the catch: The government has to come up with the money to pay for all this new health care. And here, alas, is where Bradley suddenly loses his courage. Bradley says he can pay for his plan with the budget surplus. But, at $65 billion a year, which is what Bradley predicts the plan would cost, it would eat more than four-fifths of the expected surpluses over the next decade, leaving very little to save Medicare and Social Security. What's more, that $65 billion figure is almost surely too low. Bradley's own advisers now concede that his proposed $1,800-per-person subsidy won't pay for plans in places like New York, where insurance costs are especially high. Even the more affordable plans come with deductibles and co-payments, and few pay for the wide array of preventative and long-term services Medicaid covers. So, if Bradley wants to offer the poor something even vaguely comparable to what they have now without sticking them with all sorts of extra costs, he'll have to sink more money into his plan. A lot more.

That doesn't mean Bradley should abandon the idea, though. It simply means he should come clean about the cost. That might make his plan harder to sell politically, but it would be honest. The lack of good, affordable health care may be the most serious social problem in America—which means it's worth paying to solve it, even if that means cutting other programs or raising taxes. Bradley probably believes that. It would be good to know whether Gore does, too. ■

The Albright-Holbrooke feud.

Cold War

By WARREN BASS

RICHARD HOLBROOKE KNOWS about foreign policy feuds. In the late '70s, he was assistant secretary of state for Asia in the Carter administration—a young bull in the China shop. One morning, he answered his phone at 6:30 and received a tooth-rattling attack from National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, who was bent on cutting Cyrus Vance's entire (as Brzezinski saw it, leak-prone) State Department out of his forthcoming trip to Beijing. According to the account in Patrick Tyler's new book, *A Great Wall*, Brzezinski not only refused to let additional State Department staffers plan the trip, he also threatened to keep Holbrooke himself back in Washington. "I have never heard such a vile, profane man," Holbrooke told Michel Oksenberg, Brzezinski's main China aide. "Zbig yelled at me over the phone so loud that it woke up my wife!"

Now, two decades later, Washington conventional wisdom holds that Holbrooke is locked in a similar feud with Secretary of State Madeleine Albright. But that both overstates and strangely understates the nature of their rivalry. In terms of pure venom, the Albright-Holbrooke feud is scarcely in the same league as paralyzing vendettas like Brzezinski versus Vance or Henry Kissinger versus William Rogers, Nixon's hapless secretary of state. Unlike their squabbling forebears, Albright and Holbrooke are basically ideological soul mates. Little of the jostling is about policy; it's about politics, personality, and power. And it may keep the Clinton administration's two most articulate advocates of humanitarian intervention from consistently banding together to move policy.

THE ROOTS OF the rivalry are clear enough: both Albright and Holbrooke dearly wanted to be President Clinton's secretary of state in 1996. Holbrooke had been aiming for the job for decades, working as a foreign-service officer in Vietnam, the youngest-ever assistant secretary of state, and architect of the 1995 Dayton accords. "There's probably a feeling of entitlement on Holbrooke's part that he should be secretary," notes one administration source. "He was in Vietnam when she was raising babies. So why should he defer to her?"

For her part, Albright "was gunning for secretary of state since 1982, or at least 1984," says Brzezinski in Michael Dobbs's useful biography of Albright. She served as a Brzezinski National Security Council staffer, taught at Georgetown University, ran a think tank, advised Michael Dukakis in 1988, and sat at Clinton's first-term Cabinet table as U.N. ambassador. Still, she said, "The boys will never let it happen." But, when Secretary of State Warren Christopher stepped down, Senate Republicans groused that George Mitchell, the early front-runner, had been too partisan as the Democrats' Senate leader. Holbrooke had the backing of Vice President Al Gore and Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott, but he also had a reputation as a self-promoter and a bully. In the end, according to Dobbs, Clinton liked the chemistry of the Republican William Cohen at the Department of Defense, the Jewish Sandy Berger at the NSC, the Hispanic Bill Richardson at the United Nations, and the female Albright at State. Aides say Albright and Holbrooke were so close ideologically—in contrast to the more cautious, lawyerly Mitchell—that they made a deal: if one of them wasn't picked, they would both urge Clinton to pick the other. Three days after Albright was named secretary, Holbrooke ritualistically trooped to her Georgetown home to offer his support.

If Clinton's 1996 choice of Albright over Holbrooke produced the rivalry, Holbrooke's selection as U.N. ambassador caused the bad blood. Albright recognized Holbrooke's skills but had misgivings, at the very least. On CNN, "Albright told Larry King it [Holbrooke's appointment] was her idea," reminisced Thomas Lippman, *The Washington Post*'s former

WARREN BASS is an associate editor at *Foreign Affairs*.

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State Department correspondent. "And even Larry King, who never challenges his interlocutors, said, 'It was your idea?!'" An Albright confidant in the department told Lippman that she meant it "in the sense that Holbrooke was one of the few obvious choices." A former administration official is blunter: "She did fight tooth and nail for him not to be appointed U.N. ambassador." Albright argued, the source says, that Holbrooke was a loose cannon who would disrupt a collegial foreign policy team. "His style both awes and repulses you at the same time," said a foreign policy insider. "It's awe-inspiring because it's dynamic, effective, and directed toward noble ends. But it's done in such a neuralgic and transparent way that it's icky."

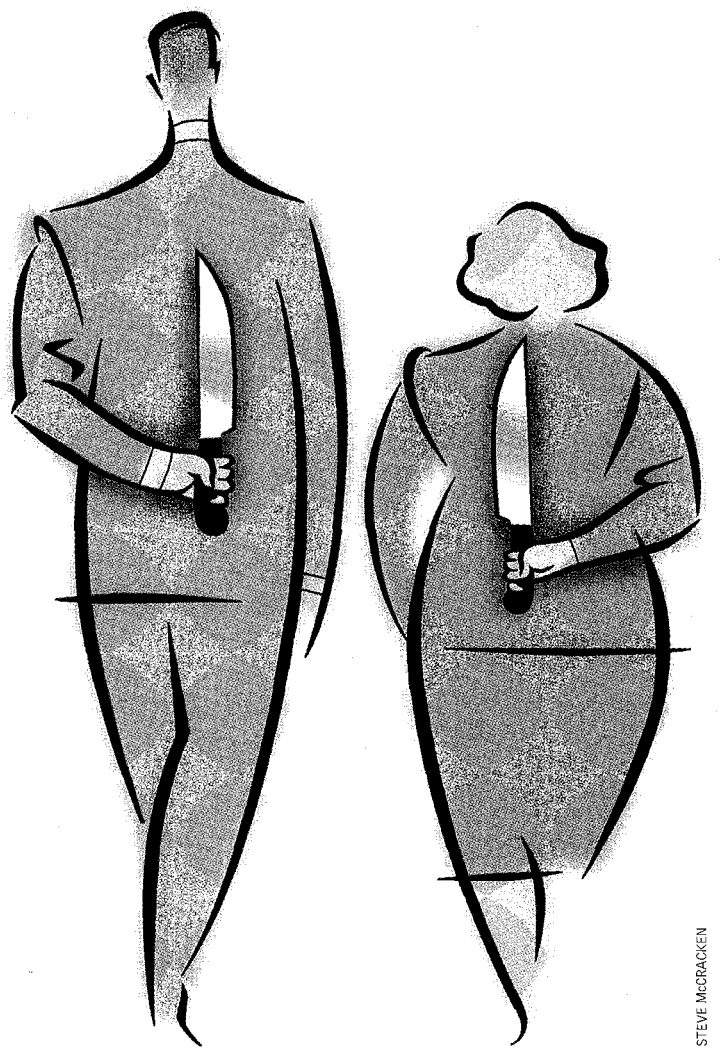
Things got worse during the wretched year Holbrooke spent waiting for his confirmation. Holbrooke, says a source familiar with his thinking, "felt that she [Albright] wasn't doing enough" to get him confirmed after his nomination stumbled over an internal investigation into his finances. According to a widely circulated Washington joke, the anonymous tip-off came from either Albright or her legendarily zealous spokesman, James Rubin. The Senate also nosed around the ethics charges, prolonging Holbrooke's stay in purgatory—which, unhappily, coincided with the low point of Albright's tenure. Besieged with Kosovo, North Korea, Iraq, and a wheezing Middle East peace process, the last thing Albright felt like doing was handling Holbrooke. Meanwhile, he resented being left to twist in the wind. "There's no way that Albright could risk interfering with the State Department inspector-general," Lippman argues. Some close to Holbrooke concur; others are still not mollified.

Now that Holbrooke is in Albright's old seat in New York, the rivalry is down to a more manageable size. But Holbrooke—while careful to say "Secretary Albright and I" often—isn't exactly the deferring type. "It's clear he's Bill Clinton's subordinate," says one former administration official. "It's not clear he's Madeleine Albright's subordinate." It used to be national security advisers and secretaries of state who clashed, but Albright made the U.N. job a viable means of ascent—with ironic results. Early in her term as secretary, when Bill Richardson was U.N. ambassador, Rubin (whom hostile U.N. staffers called "J.R.") was said to have raised eyebrows during White House debates about who would appear on the Sunday talk shows. "Jamie Rubin would object to any public appearance that Richardson wanted to do because he wanted Albright on TV," said one former administration aide. "People there a few years before couldn't believe how ironic it was, because when she was in New York, she was on TV all the time, and that's how she built a public persona and became secretary. That's exactly what Dick Holbrooke is doing now."

Today, however, Albright is at the pinnacle of her career. She is concerned not about a palace coup but about the judgment of history, and that makes Holbrooke useful. For his part, Holbrooke knows that much of the reason he lost out to Albright in 1996 was his reputation as a prima donna, and he took the U.N. post to help beat the rap that he can't be a team player—and to maintain his position as Gore's secretary-in-waiting.

So why do the bad feelings linger? For one thing, Albright's and Holbrooke's staffers sometimes snipe even when their bosses are getting along. "The staff is usually the source of these items, because the principals have to work together every day," notes Thomas Donilon, a former assistant secretary of state for public affairs under Warren Christopher.

More seriously, the feud has become an echo chamber for the old charge that Albright is a lightweight. "Poor girl, she is out of her league," former U.N. Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali once sniffed, according to Dobbs. Holbrooke



STEVE McCRACKEN

"knows he's smarter," said one source familiar with his views. "It's an accepted datum of the situation, but I can't imagine Dick *saying* it." Still, Holbrooke's appraisal strikes a raw nerve. There's no reason to think Holbrooke himself is sexist—Holbrooke thinks he's smarter than most people—but the same can't be said of many of those who haul out the tired old line that Albright isn't qualified for her job. (She came to it after four years as a member of the Cabinet and the Principals' Committee, and her Ph.D. makes one more than Holbrooke has.) If Albright is a foreign policy lightweight, how does one describe George W. Bush—no weight whatsoever? But Albright cannot lose the tag, and the rivalry offers occasion for it to be reapplied.

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"There is sexism," says Leslie Gelb, the president of the Council on Foreign Relations. "It is hard for a woman, and it's particularly hard to be the first." Indeed, a jarring number of foreign policy insiders with no personal relationship with Albright routinely call her by her first name. (Some in the administration noticed when the usually disciplined Holbrooke fell into this habit, referring to her solely by her first name in a November 17 *Washington Post* interview.) "In meetings with those who've just met her, people walk in and say, 'Well, Madeleine'—something you'd never imagine with a male secretary of state," says one administration official. "She wouldn't claim to be Kissingerian in terms of her ability to sound deep, but I've seen her with Talbott and [Thomas] Pickering and some senior ambassadors, and she definitely holds her own. None of them are frigging geniuses." Still, Vietnam was known as McNamara's war; Kosovo is known as "Madeleine's."

WITH COMPELLING POLITICAL incentives to be cordial, Holbrooke and Albright have hammered out less an entente than a form of détente. In Holbrooke's first few months at the United Nations, job one has been the pending deal with Congress on paying America's arrears to the world body. Holbrooke has been working the Hill frenetically. When he dropped in on Senator Jesse Helms one day, Helms took him along to a GOP caucus lunch, which Holbrooke used to win entrée to the office of Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott, who'd voted against his nomination. Holbrooke's weeks of wearing out shoe leather on the Hill have won him some unlikely fans. Senate staffers now complain that Albright and Rubin sometimes take the praise for Holbrooke's work on issues like winning back the American seat on ACABQ, the important U.N. budget and oversight committee, from which U.N. members booted the United States because of its unpaid dues. Albright's allies counter that some moves—like taking the heat from pro-choice groups for the U.N. arrears deal's reversal on abortion or getting New Zealand to give Washington its ACABQ seat—are rightly made above a U.N. ambassador's pay grade.

Albright and Holbrooke's other main zone of intersection, the Balkans, is a bigger problem. Albright liked to say during Clinton's first term that she and Holbrooke were "joined at the hip" on most major European issues. Broadly speaking, that's true for the Balkans—both favor an activist policy to defend some form of multiethnicity in Bosnia and Kosovo and both hated Western pusillanimity as Bosnia bled.

During the first term, Albright argued relentlessly for air strikes on the Bosnian Serbs, while Holbrooke became the key figure on Bosnia only after the bombs fell in 1995. But they were both players on the issue of Kosovo, where Holbrooke, as a special envoy, got Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic to agree in October 1998 to a cease-fire and troop withdrawal. Milosevic promptly violated the deal. After the massacre of 45 Kosovars in Racak in January 1999, a former administration official says Albright argued "that the previous policy—i.e., the Holbrooke policy of negotiating and trying to trust Milosevic—had failed utterly" and should be replaced by the "Rambouillet strategy" of demanding Serb concessions at gunpoint. "To Albright, it was somewhat odious to have to deal with Milosevic, who's not one of her favorite people—and, while Milosevic isn't one of Holbrooke's favorite people either, he is one of his favorite negotiating partners," notes a foreign policy insider.

While many Holbrooke protégés were at Rambouillet, the summit marked what was probably the pair's biggest policy dispute. Holbrooke was at key meetings before Rambouillet, according to administration officials, but he made it known as the cataclysm hit that he preferred a more traditional diplomatic approach. By negotiating only with the weaker party, the Kosovars, and imposing the deal on the Serbs, the Clinton team members were "putting their ass on the line for a deal that couldn't possibly happen," one diplomatic source said. While Holbrooke was careful to avoid leaving fingerprints, he made his displeasure felt, administration sources say, by speaking privately to reporters. "All the anti-Madeleine media came directly from Holbrooke," one source says. "He was on the phone 25 hours a day, making sure he knew what was happening in Rambouillet and that whatever failure came out was portrayed as Albright's." But Albright's allies argue that Rambouillet got the Europeans ready to use force, without which Milosevic could have ethnically cleansed Kosovo with impunity. "Richard Holbrooke, with all his skills, couldn't have stopped that dilemma," says an administration official. "You might see an aspect of Holbrooke's personality in his being notably absent from the public stage during the seventy-eight-day bombing period, waiting to see how it would come out while the rest of the administration was hanging in there," the official adds. "He always had reasons to go on TV before then." Albright figured that the way to get Milosevic to cave in "was to actually threaten him and not send Dick Holbrooke, and she was right and he was wrong," one former official says. "To Albright, force is the only thing that works. To Holbrooke, it's a tool—and a marginal one at that, because he thinks he can deal." But both rivals underestimated Milosevic's ruthlessness.

IN FACT, THE central irony of the Albright-Holbrooke rivalry is the same today as it was when they first competed for the job of secretary of state: it's a diversion from the larger, ongoing administration struggle about how interventionist liberal interventionism should be. And the Albright-Holbrooke side isn't necessarily winning. In the administration today, core issues such as Russia, China, and Iraq are increasingly handled by the NSC, not the State Department. Clinton's foreign policy majordomo is neither Albright nor Holbrooke but the unassuming former trade lawyer Sandy Berger. And Berger is said to be annoyed with Albright for making it harder to find a peaceful way out of the Kosovo mess, and irritated by Holbrooke's abrasiveness at Principals' Committee meetings. Having Berger in the driver's seat limits the clout of both Albright and Holbrooke, making it easier for them to fall prey to, in Freud's phrase, the "narcissism of minor difference." As one former administration aide puts it, "Their worldviews are pretty similar. So maybe the reason there's so much tension is: Whose niche is this, anyway?" ■

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What you don't know about Lenora Fulani could hurt you.

Coming Soon to a Presidential Campaign Near You

By DAVID GRANN

AT FIRST NO one seemed to notice her, sitting in the second row with her short, '70s-style Afro and big hoop earrings. It was moments before Pat Buchanan's arrival, and she was obscured by his brigades, men with soft, spongy faces and balding heads, pink with excitement, chanting, "Go, Pat, go!" in the conference room of the Doubletree Hotel in Falls Church, Virginia, at ten o'clock in the morning. As Buchanan finally stepped onto the stage to announce, in front of a wall of American flags, that he was ending his lifelong membership in the GOP and running for the Reform Party's presidential nomination, she began to take notes. Periodically she would glance up and then look back down at her pad. It was in the midst of this scribbling that Buchanan suddenly looked right at her. "[O]f all the needs of this nation, none is greater for our peace and happiness than racial reconciliation," he said. "Let us abandon the sterile and futile politics of victims and villains and rediscover what brings us all together as one nation and one people." Almost everyone in the room—the scores of Reform Party delegates in the front rows, the dozens of reporters and cameramen packed along the walls—turned toward her. For a second, everyone seemed to watch Buchanan watching her. And then something remarkable happened: The man who once waxed nostalgic about segregation winked, or so it seemed, at the only visible African American in the room. "I saw it," says Donna Donovan, a Reform Party spokeswoman. Afterward, the black woman leapt to her feet and thrust her fist in the air, hollering with the rising chorus of white males, "Go, Pat, go!"

It is one of the strangest couplings in the history of American politics: Lenora Fulani, a black, Marxist, pro-gay, two-time fringe presidential candidate, and Buchanan, a politician renowned for his antagonism toward ethnic, racial, and sexual minorities. Only weeks before his announcement, Buchanan journeyed to New York to seek Fulani's support and, perhaps more importantly, the support of the man many claim can deliver the votes necessary to win the Reform Party's nomination: Fred Newman, whom Fulani calls her "theoretician and tactician." When word of their meeting first leaked, commentators greeted it as simply another spectacle, another act in a vaudeville election that has featured a movie star, a professional wrestler, and a billionaire developer. "Pat Buchanan gets jiggy with a former socialist," enthused Tony Snow of Fox News Channel, after Fulani officially endorsed Buchanan.

But, in fact, Newman and Fulani's presence in the Reform Party is something entirely different. It is the culmination of a 30-year crusade by a group the FBI once considered armed and dangerous to infiltrate the political system. Now, after years of absorbing little-known organizations on the left, Newman and his followers are on the verge of controlling the third-largest party in America and doing what once seemed unthinkable: influencing the race for president of the United States.

EVEN BY THE standards of the 1960s, Fred Newman's collective on New York City's Upper West Side was odd. Its handful of members, most of them college-student anarchists and hippies, wandered the streets, trying to provoke confrontations. Determined to jar the bourgeoisie out of its passivity, they handed out, in their own words, "the most obscene brochures and pamphlets in the whole city—filthy—incredibly offensive."

A large, highly intelligent, highly charismatic man with

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NEWSMAKERS

long, stringy hair and a beard, Newman served as the group's inspiration—its "benevolent despot," as his own literature described him. A veteran of the Korean War, he had spent the early and mid-'60s exploring the logic of belief structures, first as a doctoral student in philosophy at Stanford University and then as a professor at the City College of New York. By 1969, he had quit his teaching job—"Rational intellectual dialogue was not where it was at"—and begun to experiment with his own ideology, a blend of left-wing politics and Soviet psychology. Holed up in a communal apartment with a dozen or so recruits, he opened the Center for Change, "a collective of liberation centers" that included a school, a dental clinic, a newspaper, and Newman's first therapy institute. In contrast to traditional psychology, in which Newman had no formal training and which he decried as a myth, the Center for Change assumed that there were no crazy people, only a crazy society. Drawing loosely on the theories of Soviet psychologist Lev Vygotsky, Newman saw the patient as a revolutionary who could cure himself only by overthrowing "his bourgeois ego." In its first year, the clinic attracted some 80 patients, with so many spilling into the collective that they were soon sleeping in the hallways.

It was around that time that the Jewish New Yorker fell under the spell of another, more powerful ideologue working at the intersection of psychology and politics: Lyndon LaRouche. Though once a figure respected on the left, by the early '70s LaRouche had descended into a gothic world of conspiracy theories, a place where the CIA was brainwashing his security guards to kill him and where only he had the power to end "your political—and sexual—impotence." To maintain total command over the hundreds of disciples he sent out onto the streets to assault rival political parties with lead pipes and brass knuckles, he forced them into psychological therapy sessions, called "deprogramming."

In 1974, when most of the left was quite literally running from LaRouche, Newman led nearly 40 of his followers into an official alliance with LaRouche's National Caucus of Labor Committees. For several weeks, the two groups held joint forums and political meetings. It is unclear how much the Newmanites participated in the LaRoucheans' more militant activities. But, according to Chip Berlet of Political Research Associates, which has tracked both groups, Newman used the interaction as an apprenticeship, a way to learn how to control a mass organization. It was then, Berlet says, that Newman mastered "ego-stripping group-therapy sessions" to discipline his rank and file. He also developed his ideology, a crude form of Marxism, which contended that the United States was ruled by a handful of moneyed elites—

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most notably the Jews, whom Newman decried, despite his upbringing, as "dirty," "self-righteous dehumanizer[s]," and "the storm troopers of decadent capitalism."

IT DIDN'T TAKE long, however, before apprentice and mentor fell into a fierce rivalry. "There was room for only one charismatic leader," says Berlet. And, after just a few months, Newman walked out with most of his original followers, forming his own breakaway faction: the International Workers Party (IWP).

Operating through Leninist-style cadres and explicitly committed to a workers' revolution, the IWP adopted LaRouchean elements such as a cult of personality. But at its core was Newman's evolving theory of "social therapy," which many say encourages the patient to reject almost everything he has been taught by society and cede to the therapist enormous power over every facet of his life: his job, his friends, his family, even his sexual partners. Though many participants speak effusively of its success—"Fred saved my life," enthused one—early on there were reports of abuse. Several former IWP members said that, as part of their salvation, they were persuaded to hand over all their assets. IWP members told a local New York reporter, Dennis King, that Newman broke up at least two marriages because the relationships were too "bourgeois"—an allegation Newman denies. Others have said Newman encouraged them to participate in what he called "friendosexuality," a practice that Newman cheerfully recommends in his book *Let's Develop*.

Ironically, it was the LaRoucheans who first circulated documents stating that the Newmanites were too bizarre. One 30-cent leaflet complained indignantly of the IWP's "totally destructive social relations" and "methods of brainwashing." Newman, in turn, charged that LaRouche's members were even worse—"mindfucked not brainwashed." ("[A]n organization based on ... mindfucking cannot lead the class," he wrote. "It will destroy itself.")

By the end of the '70s, while LaRouche's party seemed to sputter, Newman's clinics popped up throughout New York City. It was at one of these clinics, around 1979, that Lenora Fulani, a graduate student who had recently separated from her husband, met Newman. "In the beginning it was as if Fred was in the background," she wrote in her autobiography, *The Making of a Fringe Candidate—1992*. "Over the year my sense of who he was—in the group and in the world—became sharper and sharper." Like all of his followers, Fulani began to rely deeply on Newman, whose image appeared everywhere inside the collective, on books and pamphlets and other literature. "Fred was teaching me who I was and who I could be," she wrote. Newman agreed. "I organized her," he once boasted. "She is one of my life's proudest accomplishments."

In 1979, after one of his first patients was elected to the school board, Newman decided to try to capture power the old-fashioned way: at the ballot box. Claiming he had disbanded the increasingly controversial IWP, Newman announced the formation of a new, open political organization, the New Alliance Party (NAP). Overnight, NAPers appeared on street corners, selling copies of the party newspaper and pins that read DUMP KOCH. "We essentially dropped the ... vanguards and the pretentiousness of left grandiosity," Newman told *The Village Voice* at the time.

Indeed, Newman and Fulani now sounded like members of the League of Women Voters or Ralph Nader's Public Citizen. They campaigned for affirmative action and universal health care—causes that would attract support and donations from mainstream progressives. Under the rubric "two roads are better than one," they nominated their own candidates—including Fulani for lieutenant governor, governor, and mayor—while endorsing sympathetic Democrats. And, because so many NAP members were in therapy, NAP volunteers treated their political work as part of their "recovery." They were known to work 18-hour days for almost no pay, and in a short time they became some of the best petitioners and fund-raisers in the country. By 1984, they even had their own presidential candidate, Dennis Serrette, a genial black socialist who was on the ballot in 33 states and captured 35,000 votes.

BUT, WHILE THE NAP appeared to be open and democratic, myriad former members say it was secretly controlled by the IWP. One day, Serrette says, two of Newman and Fulani's emissaries approached him in the NAP offices and asked him to join the underground organization. Another member of the NAP says that in 1996 he was brought to a restaurant in Boston with three NAP activists. After they sat down, one unfolded a piece of paper and began to read a statement saying they were part of "a revolutionary organization which supported the overthrow of the government" and wanted him to join them.

According to former members, the NAP served, in large part, as an entry point into the IWP, whose numbers quickly grew into the hundreds. "Every two weeks we'd go to a cell meeting and give over an envelope with our dues and receive a note with instructions," says Kellie Gasink, who joined the NAP as a college student in the 1980s and then joined the IWP. "After everyone read the note, the cell leader would burn it." Members say they met in separate cells of six to ten people at restaurants around different cities to avoid FBI detection. They never knew exactly who else was in the organization, so no single person could betray the group. "They were a very secretive, thorough, and disciplined organization that bordered on a military operation," says Serrette.

"We kept semiautomatic rifles," states William Pleasant, an ex-IWP member. "The position was at some point we'd have to defend the offices." They trained, Pleasant says, on a farm in Pennsylvania. One day, he was told, people started "shooting everything up—hogs and deer, everything in the countryside." Another former IWP member insists there were 15 semiautomatic assault rifles and pistols stockpiled and a roving 20-person security squad prepared to use them. Newman says he doesn't know whether the IWP actually had guns or not: "I don't really know ... because part of the security was not to let people know things who didn't need to know and I didn't need to know."

At the same time the IWP was allegedly hoarding guns, the NAP was openly aligning itself with people the U.S. government considered to be national-security threats, particu-

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larly Muammar Qaddafi. In 1987, Fulani headed an NAP delegation to Tripoli to "commemorate . . . the genocidal U.S. bombing of . . . the Libyan coast." According to the partially blacked-out pages of an FBI file from March 1988, authorities deemed that "members of the New Alliance Party should be considered armed and dangerous as they are known to possess weapons."

Fulani and Newman, meanwhile, were becoming experts in that lost Communist art: infiltrating and taking over unsuspecting organizations. In the mid-'80s, for example, the NAP set its sights on the New Jewish Agenda (NJA), a nationwide peace coalition headquartered in New York City. According to Nan Rubin, then head of the Manhattan chapter, and Bruce Shapiro, of *The Nation*, NAP activists started trying to recruit NJA members into their therapy clinics, even asking them out on dates—a tactic that harkened back to the '70s, when therapists at the Center for Change offered sex as a recruiting tool. NAP activists also overran the group's meetings, creating chaos with endless denunciations of Zionism. In another, more devastating operation, the NAP allegedly "stole" the presidential nomination of the leftist Peace and Freedom Party by infiltrating its ranks just hours before the party's convention and handing the nomination to Fulani. "They weren't registered Peace and Freedom Party members," recalls 85-year-old Herbert G. Lewin, who ran for the nomination. "They were coming in there and trying to take over."

And, when the NAP couldn't colonize organizations, it did the next best thing: it duplicated them. Most infamously, the group founded the Rainbow Alliance and the Rainbow Lobby, which appeared to have the same name and agenda as Jesse Jackson's influential Rainbow Coalition. Trying to siphon off Asian American support in California's East Bay, the NAP also put out a publication called *Breaking the Silence*, deliberately shadowing an established Asian American newspaper called *Break the Silence*.

Combining these clandestine efforts with intense grassroots organization, Newman and Fulani finally began to build a mass movement. In 1988, with the NAP's ranks swelling into the thousands and offices reaching from SoHo to San Francisco, they pulled off a remarkable feat. Breaking through endless election laws and regulations, NAP organizers successfully put Fulani on the presidential ballot in all 50 states, a historic first for either a woman or an African American. Fulani received more than 200,000 votes. Four years later, she ran again, raising more than $4 million and becoming a kind of quixotic celebrity. Just before 1992's first primaries, *USA Today* gushed: "Lenora B. Fulani looks just like a major Democratic candidate. . . . She dashes about the state in rented cars surrounded by frantic aides. She even earned a standing ovation from the New Hampshire Junior Women's Club."

And then it all started to fall apart. Horror stories began to surface. Stories of people giving up their children to relocate for the party. Stories of psychiatric patients being recruited into politics as part of their treatment. Stories of people being cut off from their families and isolated in NAP communes. One woman, Marina Ortiz, who was an IWP member and whom Newman once hailed for her "uncompromising honesty," called the NAP a "cult." Another woman said she gave up all her possessions and worked for Fulani 16 to 20 hours a day, seven days a week, until she was on the brink of suicide. Judith Miller, a best-selling author of children's books and a manic-depressive, says she fled the NAP after its therapists convinced her to stop taking her medication and she landed in a hospital. Finally, in the summer of 1993, Gasink, who had been a member of Newman's inner cadre and an aide during the 1992 presidential campaign, typed a five-page, single-spaced letter to federal authorities that included this statement: "I have reason to believe that Fulani's campaign manager, Fred Newman, embezzled money from the campaign."

Gasink's complaint described an elaborate scheme to defraud U.S. taxpayers by exploiting the federal matching-fund system, which requires the government to match, dollar for dollar, each contribution of up to $250 to eligible candidates. Newman and Fulani quickly tapped into this potential gold mine, often encouraging contributors to give as part of their psychic healing. "The more you give, the more you grow," Fulani said at a rally in Brooklyn. "Take it out of your rent. It feels very, very good."

So many agreed that in early 1992 Fulani raised more in matching funds than former California Governor Jerry Brown or retired Senator Paul Tsongas. But, unlike most campaigns, which spend their money on outside vendors (political consultants, TV ads, etc.), nearly $1 million of the NAP's funds appears to have been recycled within the Newman empire: on a law firm, p.r. firm, newspaper, and accounting office connected to the charismatic leader. Moreover, according to Gasink, most of these organizations existed "only on paper as bank accounts and legal fictions" to "funnel committee funds" to Newman. The Washington, D.C., *City Paper* reported that six of the businesses, including Fred Newman Productions and Newman & Braun, were not listed in the 1992–1993 Manhattan White Pages. To maintain the fiction that the campaign was actually spending this money, Gasink alleged that bookkeepers wrote checks to campaign volunteers as if paying them for their free labor, then forged their signatures on the back and cashed them for their own purposes.

When the Federal Election Commission (FEC) investigated these allegations, Newman and the campaign treasurer refused to cooperate. They failed to properly respond to repeated subpoenas and threatened to take the Fifth Amendment. Finally, under court order, NAP leaders filed a blizzard of receipts and affidavits insisting the businesses existed and the work had been done. The FEC accepted the affidavits at face value and significantly reduced the sum it had originally demanded that the campaign reimburse the government. But it still found $73,750 in untraceable expenditures, as well as $18,768 in non-qualified campaign expenses. Yet, by the time the FEC reached its decision, it appeared to be irrelevant. The NAP—under mounting allegations—had long

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since vanished from the political landscape. Or so it seemed.

"I was stunned when I saw Newman and Fulani sitting there," says Micah Sifry, then the editor of *The Nation*, and the founder of *The Perot Periodical*. He was one of the few journalists who had come to witness the formation of the forerunner to the Reform Party. After Ross Perot ran for president in 1992, many of his activists vowed to launch a national party, even though Perot himself resisted the idea. Now, at their 1994 founding convention in Virginia, Sifry had expected to find traditional Perot supporters—white, middle-class retirees. Instead, he saw NAPers everywhere: on the dais, sitting at the delegate tables, handing out leaflets in the corridors.

Of the roughly 110 participants who attended the convention, close to half had ties to Newman and Fulani. When the floor opened for nominations, Fulani supporters relentlessly nominated one another. By the time the process was over, they had captured at least half of the elected positions. "They simply applied NAP tactics to a soft target," says former IWP member Pleasant. While the group christened itself the Patriot Party, Newman rose to the podium and declared in his slight Bronx accent: "I proudly call myself a patriot." The crowd rose to its feet.

The Zelig of the fringe had popped up again, this time ostensibly submerging all ideology in the name of process—easier voter registration and campaign finance reform. In less than a year, Newman and Fulani had quietly created a new base within the nascent party with a disciplined inner core of 30 or so members, some of whom had been with Newman since his LaRouche days. In 1995, when Perot finally created the Reform Party, built upon the Patriot Party's edifice, he turned to Fulani and Newman for help in getting him on the ballot in all 50 states as a presidential candidate. "The job couldn't have been done without [them]," acknowledges Russell Verney, the national chairman of the Reform Party. After the 1996 election, Newman and Fulani found themselves in a familiar position: inside yet another party and positioned to take it over. Only this time it was the most important American third party of the late twentieth century.

LATE ONE NIGHT Jack Essenberg, a small businessman who had been the head of the Reform Party's New York affiliate since 1996, found himself under siege. Throughout the state, party members were calling him to say their petitions had been invalidated, disqualifying them from becoming delegates to Reform Party meetings. At the same time county chairmen from Brooklyn to Broom County were complaining that outside organizers from Manhattan were coming into their communities with their own candidates. "It's like a hostile takeover," Mike Niebauer from Queens told him grimly. "They move their members around, they shadow me at events, they try to intimidate me. I've asked them to stay out of our county, and they won't."

Soon afterward, strangers began to show up at state party meetings—busloads of them, it seemed, voting and working in tandem, as if in an elaborately choreographed production. It didn't take long, Essenberg says, before he traced the incursion to a tiny office on the twentieth floor of a building in lower Manhattan. Protected by a series of thick metal locks, it housed the Reform Party's Manhattan chapter (in New York called the Independence Party). And inside the office was the office of another organization, which Essenberg had never heard of: the Committee for a Unified Independent Party (CUIP). While CUIP described itself as "part think tank, part training institute, part media and communication center for the Independent movement," it appeared to be a successor of sorts to the IWP. And at its core—inside its layers of staff and volunteers—was Lenora Fulani and her brigade of Newman followers.

IN ITS NEWEST incarnation, the Fulani-Newman organization resembles less a revolutionary collective than an old-style political machine. Social therapy, the old method of winning and controlling activists, is largely out. Fulani and Newman have found something better: an arcane rule in the state party's bylaws that gives them permission to vote by proxy on behalf of non-attending party delegates. As part of this massive operation, the Manhattan chapter of the Reform Party, already controlled by Fulani, approached people like George Prindle with blind telephone calls. As Prindle tells it, a Fulani aide doing a voter survey called him to ask about his political beliefs. "I'm pro-life," he told them, "I don't believe in gun control and I think government is too big." The caller said the Reform Party's views were similar. Knowing nothing of Fulani or her associates' pro-choice, Marxist beliefs, Prindle said he was open to their efforts. Within several months, Cathy Stewart, who has been part of Fulani and Newman's inner circle for years, encouraged Prindle to become a state Reform Party delegate, even though he was largely immobile due to recent surgery. "I haven't been to any votes or conventions," he says. "I have to sign a proxy."

Lee Veinot, a 22-year-old student at Mohawk Valley Community College in Utica, New York, got a different kind of call from Manhattan. Instead of a survey, the caller offered him $12 per hour to go around his neighborhood getting people to sign petitions for Fulani's efforts to run for governor. Then he received another offer: Why not pass around his own petition to become a delegate at the same time? And so, for $12 per hour, he cheerfully did both, earning several hundred dollars to be a delegate, even though, as he told the Manhattan office, he'd probably be too busy to attend any meetings. "They send me forms to sign on the back," he says, referring to the proxies. "I'll sign whatever they have for me to sign." Prindle and Veinot were not alone. "The whole operation is a proxy operation," says William Struhs, the deputy county chairman in Queens. "The actual people don't come."

Fulani and Newman haven't changed their operating style. There are still public, mass organizations—like the Manhattan branch of the Independence Party—and others, like CUIP, that are shrouded in secrecy. Because CUIP has been unincorporated, it is safely shielded from in-depth disclosure laws. "No one knows what the hell it even is," says Essenberg. What money is traceable seems equally mysterious. According to New York state's Board of Elections filings, Friends of Lenora B. Fulani, which is housed in the same office as CUIP,

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has distributed thousands of dollars to delegate candidates, though many ran unopposed and needed anywhere from 15 to 75 signatures on a petition to qualify. When I asked Prindle if he had received the $2,745.34 purportedly spent on his campaign to become a delegate, he said "God, no.... I think we had a few brochures ... [and] a paper ad; it wasn't very much." Veinot, whose delegate campaign purportedly received $1,173.68, is more precise. "They never spent anything for me to get elected," he says. "I ran unopposed. I just had to hand in my petition, and I did my petition work myself." Asked about Veinot's story, Jacqueline Salit, a Fulani spokeswoman, snaps, "There is nothing wrong with that."

If the methods are murky, the results are not. The Fulani-Newman takeover of the Reform Party is accelerating at an unprecedented rate. Connecticut and New Jersey Reform Party leaders also report infiltrations. "They move in with their machinery," says Struhs. "Slowly but surely, they get bigger and bigger. It reminds me of the Bolsheviks in the Soviet Union."

At the New York Reform Party convention in Long Island this spring, Essenberg finally watched the party he had spent five years building disintegrate. For hours Fulani's forces, swollen with proxies, paralyzed the organization, claiming that Essenberg had violated the rules, that he was corrupt, that he had usurped power unlawfully. When he tried to close the meeting, they simply kept going, forming a "removal" committee headed by Harry Kresky, Fulani and Newman's longtime lawyer. As Essenberg walked out, people he had never seen before cursed and spat at him. "I'm watching a Marxist takeover," he says, "and we don't have the means to stop it."

THEY MET AT a round table in the back corner of New York's Essex House Hotel. Newman wore a sports coat, his long, silvery hair falling over his shoulders. Fulani sat nearby, staring at Pat Buchanan. They had shouted at each other across the table on "Crossfire" but had never really spoken, and they had each brought their entourages for support: a Newman aide who had been in the collective since the '70s; Buchanan's wife, Shelley; and his sister, Bay, who manages his campaigns.

Mediating was Pat Choate, the burly former Reform Party vice presidential candidate who had spent weeks arranging the meeting, traveling to and from New York, speaking on the phone for hours to both camps. He had already explained to Buchanan why, if he decided to bolt the GOP, he needed to court Fulani. She controlled one-third of the Reform Party's national delegates and, along with Newman, understood better than anyone how to get on the ballot in all 50 states. Now, as they ate crab cakes and sipped iced tea, Choate opened one of Buchanan's books, *The Great Betrayal*, and read a line about the need to move beyond ideology. Bay jumped in, and soon they were all discussing a Buchanan run: what he would have to do to get on the ballot, to win over the delegates, to navigate the election laws. "This," says Newman now, "was really a culmination of what we had been doing all along."

Indeed, to a much greater extent than is publicly recognized, Newman and Fulani have become the Reform Party. At the national convention in Dearborn, Michigan, last July, Fulani received 45 percent of the vote for vice chair, while longtime NAPer Jim Mangia won the race for national secretary, the party's third-highest office. And it was the Fulanites who, at the last minute, threw their support behind Jack Gargan and elected him chairman of the party. "We have serious on-the-ground forces in California ... Texas ... Georgia ... D.C. ... Washington state ... and Illinois," says Newman. He and Fulani control as many delegates as either Ross Perot or Jesse Ventura do. Add Buchanan's supporters to the mix, and together they probably have enough votes to control the party. There is already serious talk of Fulani becoming Buchanan's running mate. And if the Buchanan-Fulani alliance claims the nomination, the Newmanites may gain access to $12.6 million in government matching funds—enough to build their empire of interlocking organizations far beyond what it is today.

FOR LENORA FULANI and Fred Newman, the long, underground struggle is ending. Since the '60s, they have searched for ways to penetrate the political establishment, and, with the Reform Party, they now have. They have succeeded because they have become much more politically savvy. The guns are gone, as is the Marxist rhetoric—replaced with anodyne talk of cleaning up the political process. "We start whatever we have to do to accomplish our tasks," says Newman. "Capitalists do that all the time."

But it is not just their packaging that has changed. They have succeeded because the U.S. elite itself has changed, too. America's political and media establishment once excluded people like Fulani and Newman without a second thought. Today almost no one has the courage to. The establishment, which Newman and Fulani once assailed, has embraced the notion that everyone has something to say, including Donald Trump, Warren Beatty, and Cybill Shepherd. But the danger of our new love of inclusion is not that it opens its doors to celebrities who dumb down the political process. It is that it throws open the gates to people who do not believe in democracy. A healthy political system allows such people to speak and assemble freely, but it does not invest them with its trappings of legitimacy and it does not offer them its megaphones. And yet that is exactly what has taken place.

After years of sharing her views mostly on "Fulani!"—a weekly public-access talk show that opens with footage of her screaming, "Let's kick some!"—Lenora Fulani, like any other politician or pundit, has spent the past few months shuffling from CNBC to CNN to Fox News Channel. One day not long ago she appeared on CNN with a former U.S. congresswoman and a retired secretary of labor to talk about the presidential race and other issues of the day. At one point the anchorwoman turned to Fulani, a leader of a movement the FBI once called "armed and dangerous." "Let's talk about the test-ban treaty, if we can switch gears here a little bit," the anchorwoman said. She paused for an instant; the congresswoman and the secretary of labor waited. "*Lenora*, what do you see happening in the Senate?" ■

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Restoration Drama

On Sunday, December 5th at 8:00 p.m. (EST), Turner Classic Movies (TCM) will broadcast a new enlarged version of Erich von Stroheim's legendary **Greed**. The broadcast will be repeated that night at 12:30 a.m. (EST). This is a major event for anyone interested in film.

The history of *Greed* is cruel. Von Stroheim was an Austrian émigré who began his Hollywood career in 1914 as an actor and found a niche during World War I as "The Man You Love to Hate," playing German officers with shaved head, tight tunic, and monocle. (The publicity called him an ex-officer descended from Austrian nobility. He was, in carefully concealed fact, the son of a Jewish hat manufacturer and had briefly served in the Austrian army. The "von" in his name was self-bestowed.) He began his directing career in 1919 with *Blind Husbands*, in which he also played his suavely diabolical character. More importantly, he showed extraordinary directing talent—scathingly realistic, sexually suggestive, and as cynical as Hollywood could permit. He was quickly recognized as a filmmaker of unique ability with a polished "continental" style.

Von Stroheim moved on to direct three more comparable films with, in one of them, another performance by himself. The stories in his first four films might have been found in any women's magazine of the day, but they were executed with a sophistication that could not then have been found in any magazine or in any other Hollywood director. I once showed his third film, *Foolish Wives* (1922), to a group of about twenty poets and artists, asking them in advance not to be put off by the novelettish plot, just to keep their eyes open. Before the film was ten minutes along, they were murmuring, and when it finished, they applauded.

For his fifth film, von Stroheim ascended in quality of material. He had long been keen on *McTeague*, by the pioneering American naturalistic novelist, Frank Norris, and von Stroheim was now empowered to film it. The title of the picture became *Greed*. By this time, in addition to his artistic standing, von Stroheim had a well-earned reputation for extravagance, which he proceeded to push much further. We can sum it up by saying that he began shooting in March of 1923, and in January 1924 he showed, to a selected group of twelve people, a first cut of the film that ran seven or eight or nine hours. (Accounts vary.) The film was never again shown at that length.

What happened to *Greed* thereafter—von Stroheim's arguments with the producers, the various versions—is too intricate to summarize. Result: the version that was released in December 1924, which has been the usual version until now, runs 135 minutes. The excised footage disappeared, though rumors of its whereabouts persist. For the rest of his life, von Stroheim mourned over what he called "the skeleton of my dead child."

He would be somewhat happier now, though not content. Rick Schmidlin and colleagues have "restored" 115 minutes, to make a film of four hours and ten minutes. I put that key word in quotation marks because the restoration consists of many stills from the lost footage, here arranged and intertitled according to von Stroheim's recently discovered continuity script. (Those intertitles occasionally bow to Milton and Shakespeare.) Schmidlin, who recently did the restored version of Welles's *Touch of Evil*, has made the masterly most of the available materials, and Robert Israel has written a score that, appropriately, savors of theater music of the silent era. The result is in some ways astonishing, in all ways invaluable, and ultimately, because of the loss it now underlines, saddening.

Norris's novel was clearly spawned by Balzac and Zola. Von Stroheim's adaptation, done with June Mathis, begins in a California gold camp in 1908 where the young McTeague, a tousle-headed giant, is a miner. Early on, we see his tenderness, as he rescues an injured bird, then his temper and his strength as he throws a man over a cliff for harming the bird. To protect and further him, his mother apprentices him to an itinerant dentist, and after a few years McTeague opens his own office in San Francisco. He meets and eventually marries a German-American girl named Trina, thus bilking the hopes of another suitor named Marcus Schouler. (I'm not only condensing, I'm omitting the subplot.)

Trina becomes obsessive about money, heated by the very acquisition of money—a five-thousand-dollar bequest from her mother. She keeps that inheritance to herself and dreams about gold. Schouler revenges himself on McTeague by exposing him as an unlicensed practitioner. McTeague is ruined. In time, destitute, maddened by his wife's miserliness, McTeague murders the now crazed Trina. He flees back to the gold fields. Schouler joins a posse in search of the murderer. The last sequence, one of the most famous in world film history, shows the two men meeting and fighting in the middle of Death Valley. The finish is an antecedent of the bitter endings of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* and *The Wild Bunch*.

All the performances are presentative, without great depth or finesse. ZaSu Pitts, as Trina, has the only character to go through some sort of development. Gibson Gowland as McTeague, Jean Hersholt as Schouler, Chester Conklin as Trina's father, all present their characters almost as pageant figures, embodying this or that temperament, of which they produce more as needed. (Curiously, three of these actors had quite different careers, before and after—Pitts as a fluttery comedienne, Hersholt as a kindly soul, Conklin as a Keystone buffoon.)

But it could be argued that von Stroheim saw these characters not as individuated personae, but as factors in a huge ruthless machine, integers of fate grinding to and being ground by inevitability. This view is supported by the difference between the acting and, so far as it can be separated, the directing, which is generally much more comprehending and subtle. It's as if von Stroheim attempted to match Norris with what he did as director, and as if he viewed his cast not as artists in themselves, but as mobile components of his design. Some of his touches are too heavy to be called touches. McTeague and Trina are in a lonely railway station, and he kisses her passionately for the first time just as a locomotive, hissing steam, pulses by. A mouse trap in her mother's hands snaps shut as Trina's marriage is arranged. But such moments seem excesses of a fatalistic drive, a rampant naturalism.

Von Stroheim was one of the first directors to insist on location shooting as needed—the streets of San Francisco, the blazing platter of Death Valley for the last sequence. All the compositions articulate space with originality and daring.

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Instance: McTeague on the stairs, large in the foreground, with Trina in clear focus above him on the landing. (Did Orson Welles know of this shot when Kane shouts down the stairs after the departing Jim Gettys?) Or: McTeague and Schouler fighting over a card table in the narrow corner of a saloon. (Did Fritz Lang know of this shot when a fight erupts in a corner of a beer hall in *M*? The answer to this and to the Welles question, is probably, no; *Greed* simply anteceded them.) Von Stroheim dabs in contemporary markers, like the tiny American flags in the hats of Trina's immigrant family on Washington's birthday; makes sure that the setting of the story is *in* the story, like the streetcars running past windows during intimate scenes; ventures into Zolaesque sex. After Trina withdraws her $5,000 from the bank in gold coins, she spreads them on her bed, then undresses and rolls on them. (Throughout this black-and-white film, Schmidlin has had the gold tinted, as von Stroheim wished.)

The supporting and incidental actors were selected with an eye for something like what Eisenstein called typage, the face that instantly characterizes the person sufficiently for the story's purposes. With the cinematographers Ben Reynolds and William H. Daniels, both of whom had illustrious subsequent careers, von Stroheim mixed carefully the harsh light of revelation and the clerestory light that softens so much of nineteenth-century photography. The contrast seems to imply a difference between life as it is and life as we wish it.

It would be exaggerating to call *Greed* a deeply moving experience in character and story: the very success of von Stroheim's schema seems to preclude that. The film's consistent fascination is in its marvelous texture—and in its almost anachronistic seriousness of intent. Yet is it is no mere historical specimen. It is a vital achievement in a new art that helped to open possibilities in that new art. Von Stroheim went on to direct three more pictures—including *Queen Kelly*, with Gloria Swanson, which he was not allowed to finish. (Another aborting of an exceptional work.) And he continued as an actor. Today he is best-known generally for his Rauffenstein in Renoir's *Grand Illusion*, where his caricature Hun of First War films is transmuted into a full-bodied summary of an age. But the directing career he might have had, the work he might have given us, is only one more sharp poignancy in the "what if" history of the arts.

The Schmidlin version of *Greed* will be issued on videotape by Warner Brothers early in 2000. ■

The Saint

By SHERWIN B. NULAND

William Osler: A Life in Medicine by Michael Bliss

(Oxford University Press, 581 pp., $35)

ON A BRILLIANTLY clear day in early May 1889, six young physicians and scientists looked on in eager but apprehensive anticipation as the opening ceremonies were held in Baltimore for a new kind of hospital, on which they had staked their careers. Ranging in age from 31 to 39, each of the men was riding the upward arc of a brilliant academic trajectory; each of them had been recruited away from a university position that would have assured him the facilities and the support for a productive career. But each of them wanted more than mere professional success. These rising medical stars were risking a great deal in order to take part in an incompletely formed project that would succeed or fail on the basis of their individual and collective abilities to create a novel and quite independent atmosphere of research, teaching, and patient care. On that spring day, however, the entire enterprise was still only a dream in the minds of its planners.

The Johns Hopkins Hospital and the associated medical school that was to be founded four years later held the promise of launching American medicine on excitingly novel adventures, in which each of the new professors would essentially create from scratch the conditions that he considered ideal for his work and for the development of his specialty. But it also held the threat of failing in a welter of poor planning, pedagogical squabbles, and inadequate financing. Franklin P. Mall in anatomy, John Jacob Abel in pharmacology, Ira Remsen in chemistry, William Welch in pathology, Howard Kelly in gynecology, and William Osler in medicine formed the vanguard of a potential revolution in medical science and education, and they knew it.

They also knew that the entire bubble of fantasy might explode in their faces. Even four years later, when the 33-year-old William Howell joined them to be professor of physiology at the opening of the medical school, a great deal was still uncertain. The only sure thing was the conviction of those who observed them that they were all caught up in what one commentator called "the contagion of excellence."

IN SPITE OF a bundle of obstacles—not excluding their own philosophical differences and the inevitable personality clashes that might have undone lesser men—the seven thirty-somethings did succeed. With the judicious assistance of the university president, Daniel Coit Gilman, and the hospital's medical advisor, John Shaw Billings, they created an institution by whose example not only education was radically altered, but also an entire philosophy of patient care and research. Within twenty-five years of that auspicious day, American medicine was undergoing such widespread changes that it would soon become virtually unrecognizable from its backward past. It was not long before the initiatives radiating from the Johns Hopkins Medical School and its hospital were being emulated by every program for the training of young physicians and medical scientists in the country. Soon they would be the envy of the world.

One of the seven would become, as Michael Bliss calls him in his eminently readable new biography, "the high priest of his emerging profession." William Osler is remembered as the greatest clinical teacher of his day, a judgment so universal that it needs no modifying by such trendy adverbs as "arguably." In fact, he may have been the greatest clinical teacher of any day, and any country too.

Gifted with a charismatic personality

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and an infectious cheerfulness, Osler was possessed of the most important attribute of the mentor of the young: an inherent sense of just what is needed to make each acolyte comprehend how much he is appreciated and how well he is understood by his teacher. On Osler was bestowed also a corollary gift that so many thousands of students and patients long remembered, which is the ability to transmit his sense of the singular significance to him of each individual. As Bliss writes, he had the knack for "giving you all his attention and interest, perhaps taking you by the arm, listening intently, remarking on an encounter years earlier or on some other bond you had in common, convincing you that for William Osler at this moment you are the most important person in the world."

Primarily by means of Osler's great textbook, *The Principles and Practice of Medicine* (which went through sixteen editions, the last being published in 1947, twenty-six years after his death), but also by means of Osler's widely circulated lectures and many published articles, English displaced German as the language of medical discourse, the language that one had to know in order to comprehend the new advances beginning to appear so rapidly near the end of the nineteenth century. An immensely well-liked man and a catalyst to the accomplishments of others, he became the most sought-after medical speaker in America. He served as president, and often founder, of so many cultural and scientific organizations that even an Osler addict like myself is constantly surprised to come across yet another one not previously known to him.

IN A WIDELY acclaimed biography of the Canadian surgeon Frederick Banting, one of the discoverers of insulin, Michael Bliss showed that he is no idolater, but an objective seeker after the truth of his subject's life and character. In his new book, he has sought what he calls "the real Osler," and he has done it with the fervor of one who in the past showed that he could write "frankly about a Canadian icon who was a mediocre scientist, a boor, and a chauvinist."

It must have been tempting to seek smears on Osler's revered image too, and a historian as respected by his professional colleagues as Bliss can be depended upon to have tried his utmost to do just that. "[I]t did not particularly matter to me how he turned out as a human being," he writes in his preface, and we know that he can be taken at his word, especially in this day when debunking is almost the vocation of biographers. But turn Osler's pockets inside out though Bliss would, only gold coins came forth, as they always have when others tried. Portraits, pockets, mix what you will. In every metaphor, Osler comes up clean:

> These chapters are as fair-minded and objective a portrait of Osler as I can produce, using every tool of my trade. Immersing myself in the sources, expecting them to make possible a reasonable amount of icon-bashing, I gradually found myself becoming struck by the power of the Osler image. Osler worship was more widespread than I had realized and was more heartfelt, less self-interested or promotional than I had anticipated. Osler shone partly by comparison with many of his colleagues, but it became clear to me that he was a man who would have stood out, did stand out, in any crowd—except that he had a habit of disappearing from crowds to find some children to play with. Nothing struck me more forcibly about the beauty of Osler's personality than the magic he could generate with little children. It shines in scores of his wonderfully whimsical, loving notes and in dozens of anecdotes and memoirs, many more than are recounted here...
>
> His was a life that stands up almost too well to critical dissection, even microscopic scrutiny. In an age when biographers make their reputation by claiming to have discovered hidden internal derangements in their subjects, this project has been an unusual intellectual autopsy, at times something of a modern biographer's nightmare. Try as I might, I could not find a cause to justify the death of Osler's reputation. He lived a magnificent, epic, important, and more than slightly saintly life.

There is that word: *saintly*. Does it mean that Bliss has written a hagiography, whether in the classical sense of its being the life of a saint or in its current usage, carrying the implication of memorializing an exemplary subject whose flaws are minor? The answer to both questions is yes, for William Osler really was a kind of medical saint; and it is reassuring to those of us who have long worshiped at his figurative shrine that no amount of scratching at his holiness has marred the sheen of the halo under which he stands. In fact, thanks to Bliss's uncompromising search, it shines more brightly than ever. Sometimes hagiography is only truth.

Is the biography of a saint filled with sameness, and tedium, and the monotony of one good work after another? Is the life of a saint so removed from common experience that nothing can be learned from it except the impossibility of any effort at emulation? In this case, the answer to both questions is a resounding no, at least in the hands of Bliss. Like all saints, Osler was a living, breathing human being before being canonized, and a colorful one at that. He played outrageous practical jokes, invented an alter ego with a bawdy sense of humor, charged enormous fees (but only to the very wealthy among his patients, of whom there were many), was rumored to have fathered an illegitimate child by his cousin, and offended an entire generation by advising, in a widely reported address, that men beyond the age of sixty should be chloroformed until dead.

Bliss tells a good story, and there are plenty of good stories to be recounted, as he follows his peripatetic subject from the backwoods Canadian parsonage where he was born until his death as Sir William Osler, the Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford and the most famous doctor in the world. In fact, the stories go well beyond Osler's physical death, to the memorializations of his life that have taken various forms over the past eight decades, not neglecting such vignettes as the author's personal experience of the ultimate shrine, in the Osler Library at McGill: "I was working on this biography in the Osler Library, sitting at Osler's desk, one day in September 1997 when a freshman student at McGill quietly slipped into the inner sanctum and, in an act of secular worship, placed at the foot of the Osler plaque a bouquet of flowers and a card asking for Osler's blessing."

WILLIAM OSLER WAS born in 1849, the eighth of nine children, to English immigrants to Ontario. (The youngest died when Willie, as he was called, was four, so he was raised as the youngest.) His father, Featherstone Lake Osler, had abandoned a promising career as a British naval officer at the age of 28 to become a minister of the Church of England, and settled with his wife in the area north of Toronto, then little better than a wilderness. In time, he became Canon in charge of the parishes of Dundas and Ancaster, and a prominent figure in the religious life of the area.

At school, Willie was a fine athlete and a bit of a gymnast, given to more pranks than he could get away with. But for an accident, he might have followed his father into the ministry. During a prolonged recovery from a football injury shortly before becoming a student at the Trinity College School, the 17-year-old Osler saw a great deal of the institution's warden, the Reverend William Johnson, a man intrigued by the study of nature and adept with the microscope, a tool of research beyond the comprehension of all but a very few advanced thinkers of the time. Johnson shared his interests with

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Willie, who soon caught his teacher's infectious fascination with the wonders that could be revealed once the instrument had been mastered.

Shortly after entering the school, the boy's growing obsession with natural history came into full flower, as it were, under the tutelage of one of the instructors, Dr. James Bovell. From his earlier tendency toward the ministry, Willie soon found his interests diverted toward a medical career, and he entered the Toronto School of Medicine in 1868, where Bovell also taught in addition to his position at the Trinity College School. Bovell's influence on his young follower was profound: "By far the dominant personality in Osler's life during his medical studies in Toronto was James Bovell," Bliss writes. "Osler worked with Bovell constantly during the first year and lived in his house the second. In fact, his Toronto medical training was virtually an apprenticeship to a medical father figure."

The Toronto School of Medicine was hardly the place to acquire what passed for a first-rate medical education, and had it not been for Bovell, the two years spent there would have been of very little value as anything but preparation for the routine and largely ineffective medical practice of the time. When the underpaid and underappreciated Bovell emigrated to the West Indies, Osler transferred to Canada's best medical school, the McGill Faculty of Medicine. Here he came under the tutelage of the scholarly Dr. Palmer Howard, who became the third of the men he would call his great mentors.

WITH HOWARD'S encouragement, young Osler began what would be his lifelong dedication to studying disease by means of post-mortem examination. He became extremely adept not only in the technique of autopsy, but in the direct and microscopic study of pathological tissues. Osler's doctoral thesis survives only in fragments, but a brief quote from its introduction appears to encompass the philosophy that would become the guiding principle of his approach to the understanding of the processes of disease; and it proved also to be the basis of his ability to teach others what he had learned, in a form so indelible and even dramatic that sickness and organ pathology took form before students' eyes as he spoke at the bedside and demonstrated his findings while examining patients: "To investigate the causes of death, to examine carefully the condition of organs, after such changes have gone on in them as to render existence impossible and to apply such Knowledge to the prevention and treatment of disease, is one of the highest objects of the Physician." The year was 1872. Osler was 22. Had he been asked about this statement half a century later, near the end of his long and illustrious career, he would doubtless have agreed with his younger self.

Having obtained his degree, Osler spent more than a year studying and working in England before going off to the medical meccas of the time, the great hospitals and schools in the German-speaking countries. Only there were the beginnings of truly scientific medicine to be found. Research was the focus of the German universities, and postgraduate education was a major priority, so much so that physicians from the entire world made their way there in order to partake of the most advanced techniques and the instruction of the greatest authorities. In Vienna alone, some 10,000 American doctors undertook various kinds of formal postgraduate studies between 1870 and 1914. A high percentage of America's next generation of medical researchers and teachers came from that group.

When William Osler returned to McGill to become a lecturer in medicine in the fall of 1874, he had absorbed the best of German methods. He knew how medicine should be taught, and he was ready to start his career in the academic arena. The beginning was difficult. The sparkling style that could hold the attention of a lecture hall full of entranced students or captivate a small group on bedside rounds did not spring fully formed, and took some months for the inexperienced young teacher to display. Still, he did not lack confidence, and once some initial awkwardness passed, Osler was well on his way.

He dealt with problems expeditiously and on the spot. Bliss illustrates this with a story. Some of the senior men resented their former fellow student's having been given such an elevated appointment, and they made their displeasure known by congregating outside his classroom and making as much noise as they could. Osler put up with the clamor for a few days and then posted a note on the bulletin board, asking that the seniors desist. The noise was even louder the next morning. The wiry little lecturer, whose full height was less than 5'6", took matters into his own hands. "After standing it for a while Osler opened the door, stepped into the corridor, pulled off his frock coat, and challenged the best man to step forward and fight it out with him. No one came forward, and peace and quiet reigned thereafter." This was the same Willie Osler who as a teenager had noted a smallish friend being manhandled during a football game by a boy described by onlookers as "one

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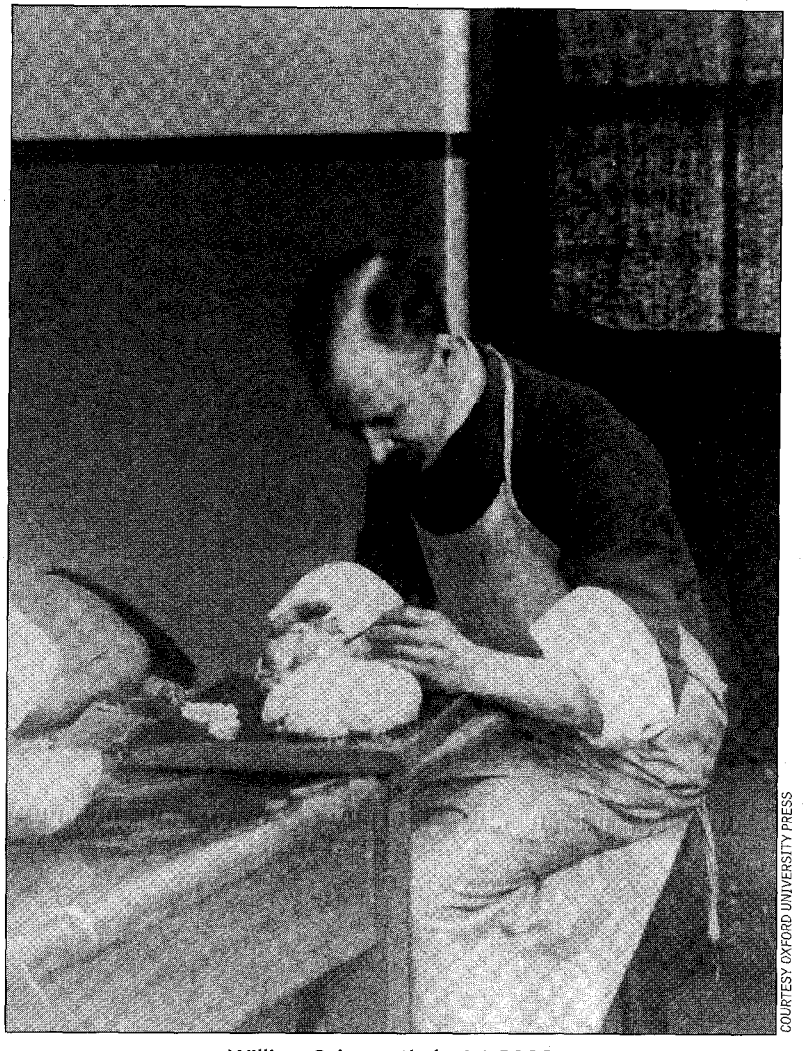
huge bully," and leaped up to punch the lout in the jaw, which "sent him to the ground and thence to bed for a week." Willie was no shy scholar.

During his second year as a lecturer, Osler ordered fifteen microscopes for his students, paying for them with money that he had earned caring for smallpox patients (and in the process contracting a light case of the disease). The purpose of the instruments was to enable him to begin what would be the first of his many pedagogical innovations—the teaching of a practical course on microscopy that was meant to help the young men study not only pathological tissues but also to examine the blood and the bodily secretions of patients. The magnitude of this step was enormous. There was no such course in any American or Canadian school at the time.

Throughout the McGill years, the young instructor continued his assiduous autopsy work, carried out clinical research, treated the sick, and taught. And he did it all with a cheerfulness that sometimes bordered on gaiety. He seemed always in a good mood, and always to have time for a student or a colleague who might need a few minutes with him. His way was a smile, words of warm encouragement, and an arm draped over a young shoulder, or perhaps a gentle touch on the arm. He was immensely popular with the young people and rapidly gained the respect and even the affection of his colleagues on the faculty. And he apparently—no, genuinely—liked everyone.

The school seemed to expand, to become ever greater, as though in response to his bursting energy. Bliss entitles this chapter in Osler's life "The Baby Doctor," and so it must have seemed to those who watched and admired the precocity with which such a young man took on the role of a teacher much older than his years. Honoring itself as well as him, the history of the McGill Faculty of Medicine refers to this period as "The Osler Years."

The decade of the 1880s was perhaps the most exciting brief period that had ever occurred in the 2,300-year history of Western medicine. The germ theory of Louis Pasteur, Robert Koch, and Joseph Lister gained acceptance during that time, and one disease after another was shown to be caused by some specific organism. Medical thinking was transformed. William Osler was one of very few men on this continent equipped fully to comprehend the magnitude of the changes about to take place in research and later in practice. His unique expertness with the microscope, his studies with leading scientists in Vienna and Berlin, his focus on the study of pathological tissues as guides to the understanding of disease processes, his youthful energies and enthusiasms: all of these combined to guarantee that the new discoveries so rapidly emerging from European laboratories would find practical use in his hands, not only in the study of sickness but also in the teaching of students.



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William Osler, pathologist, 1888

In 1884 the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, America's oldest and one of its best, called Osler to the chair of medicine. Osler's departure was a devastating blow to McGill. Their finest teacher and the man called by Palmer Howard "the one single disciple of science" in the school was escorted to the train station by the entire student body. He was on his way to the next phase of the journey that would lead inevitably to Baltimore. The geographic progression southward was partnered with the academic progression upward.

In Philadelphia, Osler gave free rein to his determination that autopsy and microscopic study were the keys to understanding the evolution of disease. He conducted so many postmortem examinations that complaints inevitably arose about what must have been his sometimes cavalier attitude about permissions and the formal protocols required by the hospital authorities. Even in the flood of new scientific information he was discovering, however, Osler never neglected the humanity of his patients. The medical statistics and massing of cases into groups that were necessary to elucidate clinical conditions did not mislead him into forgetting the distinctiveness of each person who came under his care.

In 1886, Osler wrote of the necessity that a doctor have a profound knowledge of human nature, and stressed "the careful consideration which is given to every circumstance in the life and condition of the individual." Two years later, thinking about a visit he had just made to his famous patient Walt Whitman, he penned a note in his commonplace book: "A doctor does not treat typhoid fever, but he treats the *man* with typhoid, and it is the man with his peculiarities—his bodily idiosyncracies we have to consider." These were themes that Osler would reiterate for the rest of his life.

Osler was doing clinical research, writing journal articles, taking on a huge load of teaching, and lecturing to his medical colleagues in Philadelphia and elsewhere. In 1884, he was invited to London to follow centuries of distinguished British physicians by giving the Goulstonian Lectures, choosing to describe the pathological and clinical findings in two hundred

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cases of endocarditis and the role of bacteria in the disease. He described the inflammation that occurs in the inner lining membrane and valves of the heart and the streptococcal, staphylococcal, or other bacterial invaders that cause it. The three lectures were characteristic of Osler's approach in all his research writings: detailed clinical and pathological descriptions of distinct disease processes so accurate and so lucid that even in later years they could barely be improved upon. Osler would never become known for presenting grand conceptual notions or overriding theories of disease. His great gift was the presentation of material so finely and comprehensively observed that it was of enormous value to bedside physicians, pathologists, and even students.

BUT EVEN ALL of those obligations did not consume his vast energies. Osler was the original "clubbable man" on whose "social instinct" Palmer Howard had remarked during the testimonial dinner in his honor when he left Montreal. Handsome and witty, the young bachelor became a favorite at Philadelphia social evenings. And he never could resist an opportunity to tease anyone in his vicinity. As the usually stern Hopkins nurse, Miss Nutting, put it after he grabbed a grapefruit off a basket one day and bowled it down a hospital hallway, "It was Dr. Osler, you know, and his behavior cannot be predicted."

Another of Osler's favored pastimes was the whimsical leading astray of his colleagues by inserting a bit of pseudo-medicine into a weighty academic journal. While in Montreal, he had invented a mythical character called Dr. Egerton Y. Davis, a former U.S. Army surgeon who from time to time reported on his clinical activities, some of which had distinctly prurient overtones. In the December 13, 1884 issue of the *Medical News*, an editorial by Davis appeared, much of which Bliss records in his book, to give his readers the flavor of the Osler that was sometimes the despair of his friends, not to say the gracious Boston Brahmin he would marry a few years later. The editorial describes Egerton's experience attempting to treat a case of vaginismus, or spasm of the vagina occurring during intercourse. "A big burly coachman had been caught in bed with a wee maid, Davis wrote, and they could not be separated:"

> When I arrived I found the man standing up and supporting the woman in his arms, and it was quite evident that his penis was locked in her vagina, and any attempt to dislodge it was accompanied by much pain on the part of both. It was, indeed a case of 'De cohesione in coitu.' I applied water, and then ice, but ineffectually, and at last sent for chloroform, a few whiffs of which sent the woman to sleep, relaxed the spasm, and released the captive penis, which was swollen, livid, and in a state of semi-erection, which did not go down for several hours, and for days the organ was extremely sore. The woman recovered rapidly, and seemed none the worse.

Osler traveled frequently during the Philadelphia years, either to visit other hospitals and schools, to lecture or to see patients in his rapidly expanding consultation practice; he was setting a pattern that would never be abandoned, though it did lessen considerably during his last years at Oxford. In 1886, he went to Baltimore to visit the campus of the new Johns Hopkins University, founded by the will of a wealthy Quaker merchant whose $7 million bequest (according to Bliss's calculation, it would be a bequest of $210 million today) was also directed toward building a hospital and a medical school. "It is the university of the future," Osler wrote to an Ontario friend, "& when the Medical school is organized all others will be distanced in the country." At that time, rumors were already flying around Philadelphia that their best medical teacher was soon to be offered the chair at Hopkins. The rumors were well founded. Osler traveled to Baltimore in September 1888 to accept the appointment.

AND SO THE heady days began. The next sixteen years would be a period of immense productivity, during which the Hopkins experiment was successful beyond even Osler's predictions. And so was he. His international fame grew, his clinical research flourished, and he was more popular a teacher than ever, if it is possible to imagine such a thing. The atmosphere of joy that he brought to everything he did, and the sense of high purpose that he conveyed, infected students with a love of medicine and an appreciation for the nobility of the calling they had chosen.

As in Montreal and Philadelphia, Osler introduced a number of pedagogical innovations, the most important and enduring of which was to bring students out of the lecture halls and onto the wards, as so-called clinical clerks, partners in the care of the sick. He called this "the natural method" of teaching. It had never been attempted in an American hospital, and it became the precedent upon which every teaching service would thereafter be based. Its purpose was clearly stated by Osler: "The student begins with the patient, continues with the patient, and ends with the patient.... [T]each him how to observe, give him plenty of facts to observe, and the lessons will come out of the facts themselves.... [T]he best teaching is that taught by the patient himself."

In 1890, the work on the monumental textbook began, upon whose publication not only Osler but all of American medicine stepped forward into a position to rival the Germans and eventually to exceed their greatest clinical stature. Subsequent editions benefitted from their author's relentless pursuit of new medical knowledge, not only in his own work at the medical school but also on the frequent trips he was making to European centers. As John Jacob Abel wrote to his wife in June 1892, in a sort of mini-biography of the man he had come to admire so much, Osler was "the *only* medical man I have ever met in America who *burns* to know. He began at 18. It makes me wild with envy, has been across 8 times to study. Says whenever he gets 1000 or 12000 dollars he skipped off to Europe... My talks with him have moved me afresh."

IN 1890 OSLER also married the 37-year-old Grace Revere Gross, the widow of a prominent Philadelphia surgeon and a direct descendant of the famous Revolutionary War courier. A son born nine months almost to the day after their wedding died shortly after birth, but within two years Mrs. Osler had given birth to a boy they named Revere, who would become the adored only child of his parents as they aged.

By the turn of the century, Osler's various sources of income—salary, book royalties, and consultation fees—were bringing him a huge income, in 1903 amounting to $47,000, or $1.4 million in today's money, some $9,000 of which he gave away. But the huge prosperity was coming at a huge price. His patients included the president, members of the cabinet, and many public officials and wealthy men and women, and such consultations often demanded travel over considerable distances. Between these and his visits to various medical facilities and universities he was out of town thirty-three times in 1901.

He was writing essays, and continuing his clinical research; and he had begun seriously to collect books. His home was the site of a constant whirlwind of social activities, what with students, colleagues, and all manner of visiting firemen being entertained, and often having the free run of the house. He began to complain about the pressures of it all. This was the busiest period of his life, and even his seemingly limitless energies were being severely tested: "The racket of my present

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life is too much for me. I am going downhill physically and mentally."

When a letter arrived in June, 1904 inviting Osler to become the Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, a position whose responsibilities were largely honorary, he gave it serious consideration. But Grace, who had become increasingly concerned about her husband's overwork, did more than that. She was determined that he should accept, and right away. Of the invitation, she wrote: "As I read the letter I felt a tremendous weight lifted from my shoulders as I had become very anxious about the danger of his keeping on at a pace he had been going for several years in Baltimore." She prevailed, but she met with virtually no resistance. On May 19, 1905, the Oslers sailed for England, and what was meant to serve as semi-retirement for the 56 year old Chief.

OXFORD PROVED TO be all that was hoped for, though there was still plenty of demand for consultations, and the writing and the speechmaking continued unabated; and there were too many meetings to attend. But the Regius professorship proved a welcome relief from the unsustainable burdens of Baltimore. There was much more time for the beloved books and for the history of medicine, which Osler now began to study avidly after many years of intermittent attention.

His avenue of approach was in general biographical, and considerably more triumphalist than a modern historian might like. In Osler's view, the great personalities of earlier times "remind us continually that in the records of no other profession is there to be found so large a number of men who have combined intellectual preeminence with nobility of character." He never failed to stress the moral aspects of historical studies. It was for what he called "the silent influence of character on character" that he valued the study of the past, as well as for the events themselves.

As in all his other non-clinical writings, Osler's essays and the text published from the Silliman Lectures he gave at Yale in 1913, under the title *The Evolution of Modern Medicine*, are characterized by a style so conversational and so appealing that the writer seems to be standing at the reader's elbow. He has a way of capturing in one or two sentences the essence of a personality. Of the unpredictable and constantly angry Paracelsus, for example, the stormy petrel who convulsed the staid medical establishment of the sixteenth century by demanding radical reforms in clinical thinking, he wrote: "This first great revolt against the slavish authority of the schools had little immediate effect, largely on account of the personal vagaries of the reformer—but it made men think. Paracelsus stirred the pool as had not been done for fifteen centuries."

From the perspective of distance, Osler watched as the fruits of his labors at Hopkins were being eagerly consumed in medical schools all over North America. Bliss is very good about presenting the professional background in which Osler lived and worked, so that a reader obtains a clear view of the importance and magnitude of the changes wrought by the existence of the Johns Hopkins Medical School and the critical role played by its Professor of Medicine.

> By 1909 the spirit of what everyone called 'modern' medical education was sweeping the United States and Canada as universities and medical schools made plans to join forces, lengthen courses, raise admission standards, pour millions into laboratories and hospitals, introduce clinical clerkships, and hire the best scientists and clinicians they could find.... Philanthropists and their foundations were about to pour resources into medicine, betting with their money that it offered more hope for the future than theology.

As Osler himself put it, "What an age of growth everywhere!" And well he might exult: much of this growth was the result of the recommendations that he had been advocating throughout his career.

The rewards for all the years of dedication began to pour in. The baronetcy conferred in 1911 was the highest of the honors, but offers of memberships, degrees, and presidencies aplenty came Osler's way. The applause never seemed to die down. The Oslers' home in Oxford was the center, as it had been in Baltimore, of a constant celebration of life. They watched in awe as Revere, at first a callow and unambitious youth, began to develop into a serious young man dedicated to books and devoted to his father. Willie and Grace loved England, and the years seemed charmed.

AND THEN THE lamps went out all over Europe. On August 14, 1914, Great Britain went to war. Less than six months later, Revere joined the army as orderly to Dean F.S. Birkett, commanding officer of the McGill medical unit. He chafed under the inactivity and transferred to the artillery. Before long he was on a troop train to France, and his parents commenced the long vigil. On a brief leave he took from the front, they were proud of the change in him, of the thoughtful man he was becoming. Father and son fished together, and they spent many hours discussing books.

The carnage of the war was beyond anyone's imagination. Scarcely a family among the Oslers' acquaintance had not lost a son or sons, and the house was always full of Oxford men recovering from wounds. After Revere returned to the front, Grace wrote to a friend: "It broke my heart to look at him & to think I may never see him again—One stroke and all may be over." The stroke came on August 29, 1917. Revere was hit by shrapnel and died a few hours later, after surgery in an attempt to stop internal bleeding.

The enchanted life of the Oslers was over. "We have been preparing for the blow," Osler wrote to the surgeon Harvey Cushing, who had been with Revere at the end. "I felt sure the fates would hit me through him. I have escaped all these years without a great sorrow, and have had so much in life, so much more, really, than I have deserved that I have all along felt we could not escape.... Poor Grace! It hit her hard; but we are both going to be brave, and take up what is left of life as though he were with us." They faced their loss with courage, at least externally, but Osler was a broken man. The following spring, Grace wrote to a nephew that he was "wrecked and heart-broken." She would "hear him sighing and sobbing his heart out at night." Another year passed before a semblance of normality returned to their lives, and even then they lived with the awareness that everything had changed, and their happiness would never return.

Seasonal upper-respiratory infections that had plagued Osler over the course of many years now began to be more common, and harder to shake off. He returned from a visit to Edinburgh in late September, 1920 with the beginnings of what appeared to be influenza, and his condition gradually worsened during the next few weeks. He developed pneumonia and then pleurisy, and after a time it became obvious that there was pus in his chest cavity. He suffered through several weeks of pain, needling of his chest and finally a small operation done in his bed, in an attempt to remove the pus. But nothing helped. On the afternoon of December 29, he died following an intestinal hemorrhage. True to form, he had requested an autopsy, which was done in his own home on the following day. Bliss tells us that "Osler had said that he wished he could be present, having taken such a lifelong interest in the case."

OSLER WAS DEAD, but Osler lived on. Although the numbers are now becoming small, medical students and grizzled physicians still occasionally seek inspiration by reading the many essays that he wrote on the medical

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life. Some are dated, but others are as fresh as the day he put pen to paper. Among many examples that may be quoted is the following, from an address to students at the University of Toronto in 1903:

> To you the silent workers of the ranks, in villages and country districts, in the slums of our large cities, in the mining camps and factory towns, in the homes of the rich, and in the hovels of the poor, to you is given the harder task of illustrating with your lives the Hippocratic standards of Learning, of Sagacity, of Humanity, and of Probity. Of learning, that you may apply in your practice the best that is known in our art, and that with the increase in your knowledge there may be an increase in that priceless endowment of sagacity, so that to all, everywhere, skilled succour may come in the hour of need. Of a humanity, that will show in your daily life tenderness and consideration to the weak, infinite pity to the suffering, and broad charity to all. Of a probity, that will make you under all circumstances true to yourselves, true to your high calling, and true to your fellow man.

There were celebrations on the sesquicentennial of Osler's birth this past year, and speeches of tribute were heard, and reverential articles were published, particularly by the Osler Societies that to this day are composed of some of the leading physicians of Britain and North America. Many of those tributes recalled Osler's emphasis on the physician as humanist—his constantly reiterated counsel that the great books of the past and present hold the truths of our civilization, the truths that should be known by those who would presume to heal their fellows.

He drew up a list of ten books, in fact, that he called the *Bedside Library for Medical Students*, and recommended that it be used in a particular way: "Before going to sleep, read for half an hour, and in the morning have a book open on your dressing-table. You will be surprised to find how much can be accomplished in the course of a year." His big ten were the Old Testament, the New Testament, Shakespeare, Montaigne, Plutarch's *Lives*, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, *Religio Medici*, *Don Quixote*, Emerson, and the Breakfast-Table series of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Osler himself was the very physician that we have idealized—and rightly—in the never-ending but rarely heeded admonition that a healer should be a scholar of the humanities. He was so much the archetype of that scholar that the members of the Classical Society of Oxford elected him their president.

And now he has the biography that he has so long needed. In Michael Bliss, the spirit of William Osler has found a chronicler both scholarly and popular, a rare combination but a necessary one if justice is to be done to this uncommon man. At Lady Osler's request, Harvey Cushing undertook to do the job shortly after his friend's death, and published a two-volume study that won the Pulitzer Prize in 1926. The work quickly became a minor classic in the literature of medicine, and has been reprinted in numerous editions that adorn the libraries of all manner of physician-pretenders to scholarship. I have no fewer than four copies of my own, and never hesitate to show off by pulling out the first edition signed by Cushing and Lady Osler on the day of publication.

But that doesn't mean that I read the books. A few pages at a time is all I have ever managed to digest at a single sitting. The writing is too dense for pleasure, almost as though detail was more important to the writer than his reader's enjoyment. He must have thought Grace or his inspiration's shade would scold him if he left anything out. I have never seen the book's early reviews, but I suspect that the word "meticulous" must have appeared in many of them. Cushing's is a biography more honored than read, and for good reason. It is an archive of its subject's life, more a complete clinical description than a narrative.

Not so for Bliss's warm, engaging, and in places quite humorous book. This is the sort of writing that has the air of coming easily off the pen, in spite its scholarly documentation and the enormous wealth of research and erudition hidden between its lines. Bliss's panoramic biography has been as scrupulously documented as Cushing's, but one would hardly know it by reading it as I believe it is meant to be read: as a fascinating story about a fascinating man.

And William Osler is a fascinating man whom we need nowadays. In this time of cynicism, it is good to know that the earth can be inherited by those who have faith and trust in the improvability if not the perfectibility of humankind; in this time of bioethical conundrums, it is good to know that patience, good will, and personal morality will untie far more intellectual knots than the disarray of rancor, conflict, and special interests; in this time of great medical miracles it is good, and properly humbling too, to know that there have been other periods of miracles, and yet the ancient problems of health and human happiness remain, bringing new challenges to each succeeding generation. William Osler's life and his writings tell us of these things, but they are beginning to fade from the experience of all but a few men and women who seek them out. They need to be revived, and he needs to be heard again. ■

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Inventing and re-inventing Greece.

Paradise Milked

By PETER GREEN

I.

"OF PARADISE terrestre can I not speake properly," wrote the medieval scam-artist who called himself Sir John Mandeville, "for I haue not bene there." It was one of the few true admissions in his immensely popular *Travels*; but he went on to describe it anyway. His own supposed voyage of discovery was in fact a mish-mash of literary tall tales filtered through from sources such as Pliny's *Natural History*, and the idea caught on. When Othello discoursed—again, with the suggestion of personal experience, and Desdemona was impressed—on "Anthropophagi and men whose heads / Do grow beneath their shoulders," the odds are that he got his stories from Mandeville. When explorers ran out of blank spaces on the map, and the dragons with which to populate them, they started re-inventing what they knew. Self-promoting fantasies have always been part and parcel of travel literature, with paradise on earth as their purported goal.

The *Travels*, like most bestsellers, tapped into a powerful spring in the human psyche. We all yearn for the Earthly Paradise, and often we confuse literature and life in our quest for it. Exiles and antinomian escapists show special ingenuity and cunning in the ways that they recycle their own private obsessions into visions of the Great Good Place. As Proust and A.E. Housman well knew, paradise lost generates a more potent and lasting magic than paradise regained. Drink the milk of paradise, and the next thing that happens (if you are Coleridge in the middle of writing "Kubla Khan") is a person from Porlock at the door to shatter your dreams with intrusive chat about business.

There have been endless definitions of paradise. *Quisque suos patimur manes*: if we are all haunted by our own ghosts, as Virgil said, we also offer an infinity of paradisal recipes. De Quincey believed that the key to unlock the gates was opium, and his thesis, with variations, remains popular. Andrew Marvell felt that paradise would be doubly paradisal if he could be the only person there—a solipsism to which many people privately subscribe, I suspect. Fitzgerald in the *Rubaiyat* thought that wilderness might make it. And never mind about eschatological promises of heaven hereafter: for quite a while now the mantra (recognized by Kingsley Amis, who used it as the title of a novel) has been *I Want It Now*.

PETER GREEN is Adjunct Professor of Classics at the University of Iowa. His most recent book is a translation of the *Argonautica* of Apollonius Rhodios.

MEDITERRANEAN:
A CULTURAL LANDSCAPE
by Predrag Matvejevic
Translated by
Michael Henry Heim
(University of California Press,
218 pp., $29.95)

INVENTING PARADISE:
THE GREEK JOURNEY
1937–47
by Edmund Keeley
(Farrar, Straus and Giroux,
290 pp., $24)

FACES OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN
GREECE: CARICATURES BY
PIET DE JONG
by Rachel Hood
(Leopard's Head Press,
304 pp., $45)

One of the most potent formulations was James Hilton's fictitious Tibetan enclave of Shangri-La, a name that became the universal shorthand for a peaceful refuge from the horrors of this world, with the added bonus of longevity thrown in (plus the monastic life for those who fancied it). In its setting—a mild, sunny, fertile valley high amid the surrounding mountainous snow-passes—Shangri-La comes very close to the traditional picture of Paradise Terrestre on which Mandeville drew, and Hilton may well have had this in mind when creating his private Elysium.

The enormous influence that Shangri-La has had ever since strongly suggests that a prime factor shaping the Earthly Paradise is a flight from what are seen as the dirty devices of this world. These last can range from Wordsworth's weary round of "getting and spending" to the horrors of industrialism or the shackles of social conformity. Still, city-dwellers who celebrate a peasant world seldom relish the rural life themselves. They need an encouraging context in which to develop their fantasies. What they have always prized, therefore, are rustic retreats as yet untouched by industrial development, while at the same time preserving a recognizable tradition of high culture. A warm climate and cheap living also help. The obvious solution, right from the beginning, has been the Mediterranean.

THIS VAST INLAND sea, unlike any other in so many ways, the center of what was known in antiquity as the *oikouménê*, or the "inhabited world," has throughout its long existence been most things to a remarkable variety of men. Plato in the *Phaedo* makes Socrates talk about "those of us who dwell in the region between the Phasis [at the eastern end of the Black Sea] and the Pillars of Hercules [facing Gibraltar] along the borders of the sea like ants or frogs along a marsh." From Phoenicia and Egypt to the Spanish Costa del Sol, from the islands of the Adriatic to the Gulf of Sidra, from Corsica to Crete, the Mediterranean encloses innumerable peoples and customs within its near-tideless uniformity.

Predrag Matvejevic, a polyglot Croatian academic, finding himself powerfully drawn by this paradox, set out, not so much to describe as to catalogue the Mediterranean as a phenomenon, in all its vast and colorful complexity. In his introduction to Matvejevic's book, Claudio Magris provides two interesting scraps of information. This time, he says, "instead of reading only books, as [Matvejevic] did in preparation for his former projects, he now reads the world, reality." We get an instant picture, which in the event proves pretty accurate, of a cloistered academic emerging from his study and being suddenly confronted with all those wonderful sights, sounds, smells, a cornucopia of discoveries, of things, of *objets trouvés*.

Secondly, says Magris, "[Matvejevic's] critical approach is based on a Marxism free of orthodoxy and ideological dogma." A cynic might wonder what, if anything, this leaves of Marxism. In fact, apart from a mild streak of anti-clericalism, Matvejevic seems studiously to avoid political issues throughout. He does remark at one point that the Vardar River is the same one "which the Greeks call Axios and share with today's Macedonia," that is, FYROM, or the Former Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia, so acronymed by today's Greeks to avoid even speaking the name "Macedonia" when dealing with a Slav enclave. It is a statement that is unlikely to win Matvejevic fans in Thessaloniki. By and large, however, his book is a loving assemblage

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of catalogues, quotations, and varyingly improbable apothegms and *obiter dicta*. Just to keep us alert, one or two of these last—such as the claim that Athens's port of Piraeus started life as an island—turn out, disconcertingly, to be true.

The production of Matvejevic's book, with its wide margins, buff-tinted Renaissance maps, and beautiful Bembo typeface (not to mention the author's polyglot quotations, *recherché* reading-matter, and habit of larding his text with exotic words such as "mirador" and "cadastral"), is clearly designed to appeal to *cognoscenti*, and in Europe they have already praised it lavishly and garlanded it with prizes. I'm not at all sure that Matvejevic's exotic potpourri, fun though it is, really deserves the enthusiasm; or that it is arcane for any reason other than a love of arcana. After disquisitions on—among much else—buoys, piers, lighthouses, saltworks, viticulture, ropemakers, figureheads, sponges, weights and measures, Copts, Berbers, and so on, these esoteric inventories become cumulatively wearisome.

Moreover, Matvejevic's writing is all impressionism: we never learn *how* oil or barrels or ropes are made. Like Voltaire, Matvejevic in full flight despises details; and so instead of the Mediterranean itself we get the writer's rhapsodies over its component parts. And worse, for a historian-as-cataloguer, Matvejevic keeps getting things wrong. Sometimes he is just out of date: if he is aware of smog, he gives no hint of it, and he does not seem to realize that Greek fishermen do not make string nets any longer, but buy good cheap plastic ones from Japan. His linguistic skills are extensive, but also riddled with small errors: he thinks that *fata morgana* is a singular, and he treats Greek *katharévousa* as a spoken language rather than a literary construct. He is hit-and-miss on spelling (especially of proper names) and etymologies, he misinterprets proverbs, and he talks of the "periods" of Herodotus and the "meteors" of medieval monks, when *periodos* means a chart or map and *meteora* are high rock monasteries. (Maybe in this last case he is being waggish, like a friend of mine who refers to Greek haulage contractors, or *metaphoreis*, as "metaphor-men"; but I wouldn't bet on it.)

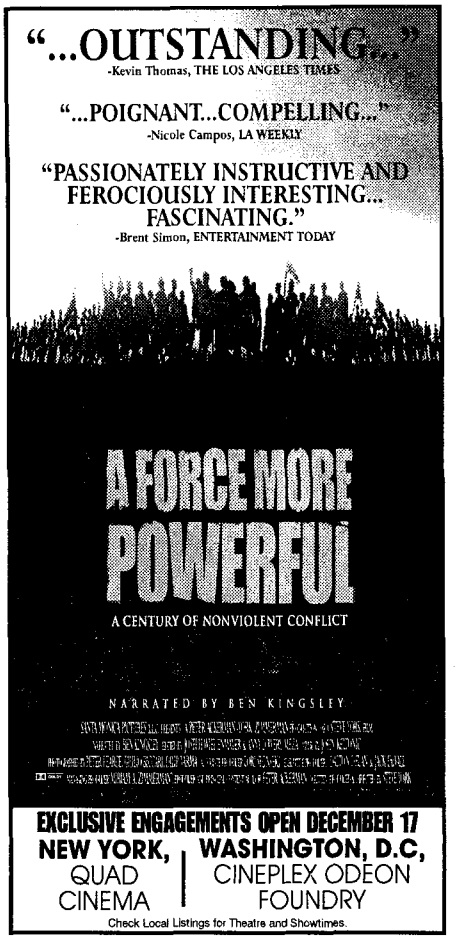
Despite all these incidental irritations (and a good many more), there is something irresistible about Matjevejic's *pointilliste* picture of the Middle Sea and its infinitely variegated coastline. Go a little out of focus and you can begin to relish his technique. He is wonderful on wind-roses. His sense of smell is acute. He knows the Italian and Spanish for blowing rude raspberries. He found a priest in Sarajevo who wrote a dissertation, in Latin, on obscene curses, including the *denudatio partis posterioris*, which I take to mean mooning. In the last resort a curious reader will derive much incidental pleasure from what the author refers to, quaintly, as his breviary. Sun-seekers would also be far better informed about their chosen playground if they studied this book before taking off.

II.

NOT THAT SUCH a book would have found an audience until comparatively recent times. In essence, the meridional lemming is a modern phenomenon. The urge to get away from it all, preferably to an island in the sun, does not rank high among ancient priorities. Under Rome's Julio-Claudian emperors in particular, such islands tended to become dumping-grounds for political exiles. (Matvejevic, who notes the use of Gyaros for this purpose by the Greek colonels, should be pleased, as an older-is-better advocate, that it served an identical function under Augustus and his successors.) Cicero and Seneca both whined incessantly about their relegation to the equivalent of modern Club Med resorts: all they wanted was to get back to Rome. Juvenal's very modern rejection of this noisy, crowded, expensive city for the peace of the countryside was the rare exception that proves the rule.

Both Rome and Jerusalem became symbolic, if not paradisal, cities, and the objects of pilgrimages. It was not until Petrarch, to general astonishment, climbed a hill just to enjoy the view that anyone so much as noticed landscape. Not until the eighteenth century, in fact, did the Call of the South really begin to exert its siren influence over intellectuals and poets from the chillier regions of Europe; but then the rush started with a vengeance. Goethe rhapsodized over a world of blue skies, soft breezes, myrtles and lemon trees. Winckelmann in Rome, bravely ignoring malaria, poverty, and brigandage, focused his attention on the physicality of Greco-Roman male statues, and was stabbed to death in circumstances that hint at a rough-trade encounter gone sour. Homosexuality, complete with Platonic rubric, was to become a powerful factor in this flight to the sun.

At first the emphasis was all on Italy, which Shelley apostrophised, accurately, as the "Paradise of exiles"; when he came to write of "an isle under Ionian skies," he termed it, significantly, "beautiful as *a wreck* of Paradise" [my emphasis]. Greece was even more rife with malaria, poverty, and brigandage than Italy, possessed far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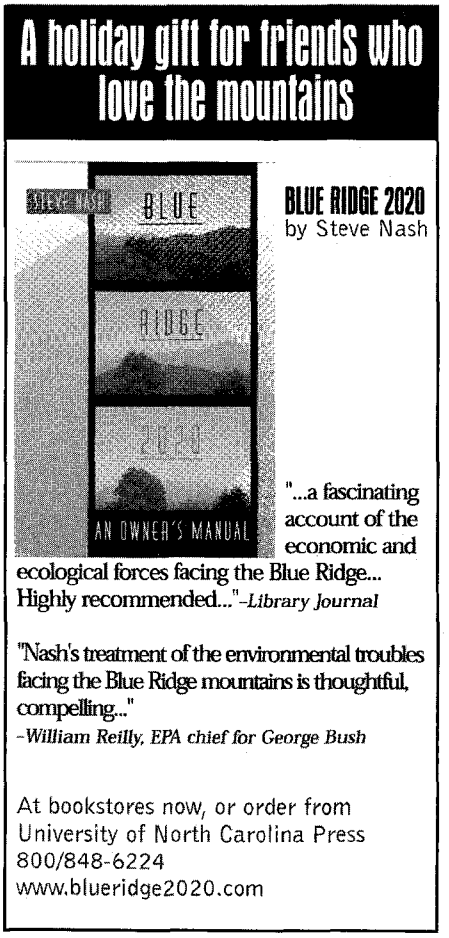
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fewer civilized amenities, and, most unfortunately for aesthetes, had been bypassed by the Renaissance. What changed all this forever was the War of Independence in Greece and, more particularly, the adherence to the Greek cause of a number of distinguished philhellenes, most notably Lord Byron.

BYRON'S DEATH AT Missolonghi—from medical malpractice rather than enemy action—had a greater impact than he and his Souliot irregulars could ever have achieved in life. After France and America, Greece too was to have her revolution, her liberation from an oppressive regime, in her case that of the Ottoman empire. Moreover, the philhellene element laced the literary tradition of that struggle with a vein of liberal romanticism, in which ancient and modern mingled inaccurately and uncomfortably. Byron's "The Isles of Greece" was only the beginning of this, and it got steadily soggier as it went on, perhaps to cover the embarrassments of internecine feuding among the newly liberated (a pattern now all too familiar in the Balkans). Freedom, as always, brought its own problems.

The experiment, in fact, contained the seeds of its own destruction. Greeks of the diaspora, such as the scholar and nationalist Adamantios Koraïs (1748–1833), joined forces with classically-educated Englishmen and Germans to promote a re-establishment, in literature, language, art, and politics, of Periclean Athens's so-called Golden Age. Never mind that the war had been won by Orthodox populists such as the brilliant general Yannis Makriyannis, and Theodoros Kolokotronis, who looked to Constantinople rather than Athens, and spoke and wrote in the vernacular. Classicism prevailed; and even Makriyannis was heard to say that "those ancient statues are what we were fighting for." Nationalism takes what icons it can get.

In 1831, Count Ioannis Kapodistrias, the first elected president, was assassinated by two members of the Mavromichali clan who resented his contemptuous authoritarianism, and wanted a bigger slice of the pie for themselves and other Maniots who had borne the brunt of the fighting. The result was hardly what they expected. The Great Powers, concluding that the Greeks were a bunch of murderous savages (in this more or less concurring with Kapodistrias), imposed on the fledgling state a Bavarian monarchy, and shifted the capital from Nafplion to Athens, despite the fact that Athens, according to mythic tradition, had got rid of her kings round about 1000 BCE.

Hinc illae lacrimae, as the Roman playwright Terence noted: hence all the grief that followed. Two incompatible traditions fissured Greece from top to bottom. Classicizing conservatives, supported by powerful foreign philhellenes reared on Homer and Plato, pushed a "purified," that is, an Atticized, Greek (*katherévousa*), which stressed humanism in education, and backed the monarchy, *faute de mieux*, against republicanism, the vernacular tongue (*demotiké*), and Orthodox Byzantinism. The two camps inevitably became aligned, at every level, with the political right and left respectively.

FOREIGN CLASSICISTS, themselves tending towards linguistic and cultural conservatism, were rudely shocked by the contrast between the Greeks whom they actually met and their own imaginary fifth-century clean-limbed, straight-nosed ideal. In the spirit of the statesmen who imposed the monarchy, they decided that these modern epigoni could not be trusted with their own treasures (the colonial mentality took root in the Balkans just as in Africa), and they decided to "save" the latter for those educated northerners who could more properly appreciate them. Hence the contents of many a European—and, later, American—museum: the Elgin marbles was only the most notorious instance of such appropriations. The competitive rape of Greek artifacts (Charles Newton for England and Choiseul Gouffier for France went head to head) became, and remains, an ongoing embarrassment.

Thus, paradoxically, the establishment of Greece as a single nation proved in many respects a poisoned legacy, the effects of which are only now, slowly and piecemeal, beginning to wear off. Academic contempt for the modern Greeks' language (corrupt patois), literature (pious platitudes, nationalist propaganda), culture (peasant-cum-mercantile), and religion (authoritarian bigotry)—persisted well into this century. It also tended to align them with what the republican-minded Greek-in-the-street saw, not unnaturally, as the forces of reaction, above all the monarchy. Since classical scholars up to World War II were more often than not rigid elitists, and very often royalists into the bargain (think of T.S. Eliot, who served a term as president of the British Classical Association), this alignment proved congenial.

One or two academics, and a few poets—most notably Louis MacNeice, who was both—tried to buck the classicizing trend. MacNeice took aim both at Byronism and at traditional teaching methods. Meanwhile, the huge achievements of twentieth-century Greek poetry, primarily the work of Cavafy and Seferis, slowly began to garner recognition among a minority. By a nice irony, however, it was, of all things, the Colonels' regime, from 1967 to 1974, that finally, if unintentionally, freed Greece from its two most divisive inheritances.

Katherévousa and the monarchy were both voted out of existence under Constantine Karamanlis soon after the junta's collapse. Greece became a democratic republic, and free speech went demotic. The tourist boom and entry to the European Union emphasized the country's modernity. Elytis followed Seferis with an equally well-deserved Nobel Prize. Foreign archaeologists, philologists, and historians in Athens—professors and students alike—no longer regarded themselves, by a kind of unacknowledged apartheid, as a superior and separate enclave. Soon it was *not* learning modern Greek, *not* studying and entering contemporary Greek culture, that became a mark of suspicion. In their different ways, all three books under review exhibit the effects of these huge historical changes.

III.

IT IS SOMETIMES assumed that during the 1920s and the 1930s Greece was still virtually *terra incognita*. As a glance at the relevant shelves of any major university library at once makes clear, however, nothing could be further from the truth. Volume after dusty volume testifies to the popularity among English-speaking tourists of a trip to the cradle of civilization. Reading them, however, can be a disconcerting experience.

Too many simply connect the points between classical sites, while a disproportionate number of them seem to have been written by retired clergymen. This shows in their style, which veers uneasily between the pontifical and the patronizingly cute, especially when a rare reference is made to the contemporary natives, normally seen as either quaint or rapacious. Such criticisms apply even to a minor classic such as F.L. and Prudence Lucas's *From Olympus to the Styx* (1934), which *inter alia* refers to the transhumant Vlachs' huts as "wigwams," and makes fun of Kapodistrias's vegetable farm at Tiryns. When Lincoln MacVeagh, for many years American minister to Greece, decided to write, with his wife, about the country he knew so well, his *Greek Journey* (1937) emerged as a book for children—and, it might be argued, about them.

I used to think that Henry Miller's *The Colossus of Maroussi* was the worst book about Greece written in this century. But Edmund Keeley, in his splendid and intensely personal memoir of Greek life and literature before, during, and immediately after World War II, has now thought it worthwhile to review, yet again, the whole

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business of Miller's one Greek visit, the book and the journal that resulted from it, and Miller's relationship, not only with Lawrence Durrell, but also with Seferis, George Katsimbalis (the "colossus" of Miller's title), Ghika the painter, and Constantine Tsatsos, who served as Greece's first president after the fall of the junta.

Keeley is the distinguished translator of Cavafy, Seferis, and Elytis, and he has probably done more than any single person in this country to propagate and to explain modern Greek culture. His judgments therefore command respect. Accordingly, I went back to *The Colossus of Maroussi*, and found that it is not the worst book about Greece. It is merely the most embarrassing. What I had never noticed before, but this time stuck out a mile, was its huge debt to all that is most excruciating in the travel writings of D.H. Lawrence: the sweeping instant generalizations; the nagging rhetoric, by turns sexist and cloudily pantheistic; the crude phallic fantasies. *The Colossus of Maroussi* (1941) is simply *Etruscan Places* (1932) with a Greek venue, and without Lawrence's saving grace of style.

Miller, the expatriate Brooklynite whose jobs had ranged from gravedigger to garbage collector, and whose sense of history seems to have been much the same as Henry Ford's, is an unlikely candidate for the role of sage or magus, inventing a wholly new concept of Greece as the individualist's paradise. (Durrell, who knew the ancient background, fitted in much more predictably.) It is even more improbable that he managed to be taken seriously, and over an extended period, by a seasoned cosmopolitan poet-diplomat such as George Seferis, let alone by Tsatsos. Keeley's study helps us to understand how all this happened.

WHAT EMERGES, AMUSINGLY, is that Miller the American came across to his Greek hosts rather as the earlier Greeks themselves had been perceived by their sophisticated European visitors: as a wild, simple, unspoilt naïf, blissfully unaffected by the crushing classical tradition. Thirty years later, Seferis described Miller as "the first man I admired for not having any classical preparation on going to Greece. There is such a freshness in him." When Miller decided to visit Mycenae, Seferis (rather surprisingly) lent him a copy of Aeschylus. But in the event, Seferis went on, "of course he doesn't see anything from Aeschylus; he sees, in the plain of Argos, *redskins* while he hears a jazz trumpeter. This is spontaneous behavior. And I admire it."

The redskins put me in mind, paradoxically, of the Lucases and their Vlach wigwams, but one sees what Seferis meant. It helped, of course, that Miller was a great talker and drinker. For him, retsina was something that "dissolves everything in gold dust and aerates the lungs by a sort of refined turpentine shellac which evaporates and creates well-being, joy, conversation." This at once endeared him to that gigantic and gargantuan showman Katsimbalis, deep calling to narcissistic deep. Miller opined that understanding Greece was "like falling in love with one's own divine images reflected in a thousand dazzling facets," and that is just how *The Colossus of Maroussi* reads. Also, despite all his extravagant rhetoric about Greece as the primal paradise, after his one swing through in the hot and politically nervous summer of 1939 Miller never came back.

Miller believed that the war would change everything, that if they all met again it would be on the ashes of the past, and of course this was true. In Keeley's study, World War II, with all its horrors, forms the great watershed between Greece's flamboyant literary past and a present "more firmly rooted in what was really there." But my guess is that Miller saw that his act would no longer hypnotize that shrewd audience, and anyway he had already got what he needed. In the end, Big Sur and its orange trees were paradise enough.

It is, in fact, the war that highlights Miller's profound un-Greekness, as a hedonistic solipsist who hated the idea of fighting. He shrank from the least hint of physical risk, even on the staircase down to the deep well at Mycenae, and he declared himself ready to run away from any conflict, or if necessary to crawl on all fours, in order to stay alive. How different he was from the Greeks, who for three millennia had been fighting each other when no external foe was available, and were soon to be caught up in a desperate losing battle followed by an agonizing occupation. (Miller's sporadic wartime correspondence with Seferis is like a conversation in which neither side speaks the other's language.)

The endless instant bombast of *The Colossus of Maroussi*, about everything from the atmosphere of Phaistos to the uniqueness of Greek women, in the end gets on Keeley's nerves, too. It is fascinating to watch this fastidious scholar's slowly mounting irritation with Miller's excesses and omissions. At a meeting *chez* Katsimbalis with Seferis and the sailor-poet D.I. Antoniou, where Theodore Stephanides (the same guy who taught young Gerald Durrell about bugs and other critters in *My Family and Other Animals*) read English translations of their poems, Miller is so preoccupied with

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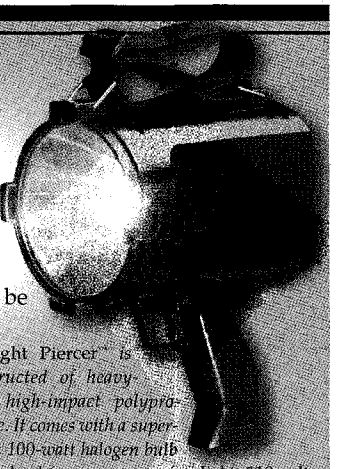

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his own mythic fantasies that he cannot be bothered to tell us *what* poems. When he has a "significant encounter" with Constantine Tsatsos, then a political exile on Spetses, whom he finds sitting in a tin tub "soaking and scrubbing himself vigorously," what attracts him is Tsatsos's "passion for flowers and for metaphysics." "End of significant encounter," snaps Keeley, and rightly. Keeley also deftly pops the balloon of Miller's gaseous hype about Greek womanhood by reporting the novelist George Theotokas's encounter with him, when it became clear that the self-promoting cocksman of *Tropic of Cancer* was in fact too gauche and too nervous to approach even a tart in Greece, and so had "ended up living like a monk."

One of the main attractions of Keeley's book, it turns out, is the author's unexpected ambivalence towards his main subject. There is an early hint of this in what at first sight would seem a mischievously ironic dedication to the memory of two remarkable philhellenes, Philip Sherrard and Kevin Andrews. Now if there was one topic on which the deeply religious Sherrard and the aggressively left-wing Andrews were in total agreement, it was Henry Miller: neither of them could stand him. Sherrard was offended by his sexual shenanigans, and Andrews found his politics disgusting. They tolerated Katsimbalis because of his work as prewar editor of the remarkable literary periodical *Ta Nea Grammata* (*New Literature*), but his Rabelaisian side grated on Sherrard's sensibilities, and I still recall Andrews describing him to me, with a smile, as "Zorba trying to be Cyril Connolly." Ambivalence, indeed.

Both agreed, though, that Katsimbalis's great moment came at the funeral in Athens, during the occupation, of Greece's unofficial poet laureate, Kostis Palamas. With German guards all around, Katsimbalis, in his great booming voice, defiantly led off the banned Greek national anthem, and so powerful a figure was he that not one hand, then or later, was raised against him. For that memorable moment—which Keeley describes in detail—much indeed can be forgiven him. It is certainly not the kind of gesture that one can imagine Henry Miller ever making.

Indeed, the more one reads Keeley's book, the more it seems clear that, though its author may have begun it with the Miller-Durrell theme in mind, a quite different book keeps breaking through at regular intervals, one far more in tune with his dedicatees, and it is these moments that one soon finds oneself waiting for with the keenest anticipation. What Keeley finally provides is an eloquent personal testament, based on deep knowledge and sympathetic understanding, to everything that has made Greece his own terrestrial paradise.

The poets, not surprisingly, get particularly sympathetic treatment. Any beginner who wants illuminating introductions to the work of Elytis, Ritsos, Karyotakis, Sikelianos and, above all, Seferis, could not do better than read what Keeley has to say about them in this book. His readings of what are probably Seferis's two greatest poems, "Thrush" and "The King of Asine" (which Keeley phoneticizes as "Asini," and never mind Homer) are small miracles of insight into background, context, and genesis as well as poetic vision.

"The King of Asine," conceived in 1938 and finally published one jump ahead of the invading German army, conveys, through the king's obscure fate—"only one word in the *Iliad* and that uncertain"—and the ruins of his citadel, "a metaphor for the inescapable losses of our human existence and the bitterness that comes with a sense of inevitably being forgotten," a bitterness especially hard for creative artists. (What follows is my own translation.)

> And the poet walks slowly, staring at
> the stones, and wonders
> do there in truth exist
> amid these decayed lines, edges, points,
> hollows and curves
> do there in truth exist
> here where one's faced by the progress
> of rain, wind, and slow attrition
> do there exist the live expression,
> the dimensions of tenderness
> of those now so strangely diminished
> in our own existence,
> those who survived as shadows of waves
> and thoughts with the deep sea's
> immensity
> or maybe no, nothing survives save only
> the weight
> nostalgia for the weight of a living
> existence
> there where now we survive in
> imagination, bending
>
> like the shoots of some ghastly willow
> stacked in the eternity of despair
> while the yellow current carries down
> slowly mud and uprooted rushes
> image of a shape made marble by the
> sentence to bitterness everlasting:
> the poet a void.

"Thrush" was Seferis's first postwar poem. It was triggered by the spectacle of a "dark sun" (the Greek day can be "both angelic and black"), and it proceeds, by way of a Homeric "day of returning" and a meditation on the house as home, to a Dantesque vision of pure light—"an affirmation," as Seferis noted in his journal, "of a moment of dazzling and eternal life." Keeley sees here, surely with justice, a return of the poet's "Odyssean persona" to "some version of the lost paradise." I have read both poems many times; but Keeley has made me understand them a great deal better.

Inventing paradise also offers an abundance of anecdotal fun, deft and delightful sketches of places and people that are universally enjoyable, but perhaps have especial resonance for an old Greek hand who can compare them with his own experiences. Some of the anecdotes—Katsimbalis arousing all the cocks of Athens at night by crowing like a rooster himself, Patrick Leigh Fermor during a heat-wave in Kalamata dining waist-deep in sea-water—have been around for years, but they acquire mythic depth in Keeley's retelling. There is ample—some might say excessive—coverage of Miller's antics, but Keeley misses my own favorite, the encounter between Miller and the ultra-camp English *littérateurs* Robin Fedden (who tells the story) and Eddie Gathorne-Hardy. They hated each other, predictably. At one point during dinner Miller furiously smacked his abdomen and roared "But *I* write my books *here*." To which Gathorne-Hardy instantly replied: "Do tell me *just* where, my dear."

One of Keeley's earliest set pieces is a loving and intensely personal evocation of Kolonaki, the elegant-shabby district of Athens hovering between Hilton classiness and the hillside bohemianism of Lykávittós. It happens that I have just spent six months in a Kolonaki apartment myself, and so it was illuminating to check Keeley's impressions against my own. Kolonaki does indeed retain "its village aura," not least, as Keeley says, in its friendly pharmacists. (Mine, on hearing that I had been sent a cortisone sniffer from the States to counter allergies, fell about laughing and said "Ah, watch your nose, it'll get brittle and fall off!") Personal relationships—the taverna owner who, after the first two or three visits, greets new customers as old friends— are still the preferred way of life.

But Kolonaki is grungier these days than you would guess from Keeley, and the pace is more frenetic. I had never heard (even when I lived there permanently in the late 1960s) of the ex-military "Kolonaki madman" who used to parade up Loukianou Street at regular intervals. Nor did I know about the "relatively high-class brothel" there that was the object of his particular wrath, and, according to Keeley, survives to this day. After first

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reading Keeley's account, I went out and tried to guess its location myself, but the building that figured as my likeliest candidate turned out to be the private residence of the British Ambassador. Despite Kolonaki's noise, traffic, and pollution, I find myself already missing the place. At one point Keeley remarks of Miller that "he had been building a mythical country from his first encounter with Athens." So, too, has Keeley; but in his case—luckily for us—a wealth of experience has gone into the construction, along with a great skill of sympathy and a creative imagination.

IV.

I WAS STIRRED TO nostalgia of a very different sort by Rachel Hood's *Faces of Archaeology in Greece*. Half a century ago we were undergraduates reading for classics degrees at Cambridge. Rachel Simmons (as she then was) compounded this interest by going on, in 1957, to marry Sinclair Hood, the director of the British School of Archaeology in Athens. It was at this period, when her husband was excavating the Royal Road at Knossos in Crete, that she made the acquaintance of Piet and Effie de Jong. Piet de Jong—architect, draftsman, caricaturist, and eccentric-in-residence to such stellar excavators as Carl Blegen at Pylos, Alan Wace at Mycenae, and Sir Arthur Evans at Knossos—was by then, dyed black hair and all, near the end of his long and remarkable career. A year or two later he and his wife retired to Norfolk, and by 1967 they were both dead. In his will he bequeathed his extraordinary collection of Art Deco cartoon portraits, mostly of archaeologists with whom he had worked, to the Hoods, who in 1990 made them over to the Knossos Trust for the benefit of posterity.

Rachel Hood recognized instantly the enormous historical value of these portraits, not only for social history but also as testimony to a unique, rigidly formal (and in her day, swiftly fading) version of Greece as the terrestrial Paradise. *Faces of Archaeology in Greece*, superbly produced and printed, does de Jong proud as portraitist by reproducing over sixty of his works in accurate and delicate color, complete with illuminating notes on those private symbols, biographical or indicative of personal quirks, that were his special trade-mark. Some of these, such as Blegen's terracotta figurines, are self-explanatory; some, like the blue cat curled round Virginia Grace's shoulders, can be guessed at; but others, like the identity of one or two of the sitters, are lost for ever: what do the teaspoon, the orange, the gold alarm-clock tell us in the portrait of Joseph Shelley?

With loving persistence and a wealth of anecdotes—the roll call of her consultants reads like a *Who's Who in Archaeology* for the twentieth century—Hood reconstructs the careers and the personalities of those dedicated, and frequently obsessional, philologists and diggers, skillfully counterpointing de Jong's portraits against private recollections and the public record. Her book, perhaps unintentionally, is a substantial contribution to that most fashionable of contemporary classical pursuits, *Wissenschaftlergeschichte*, the study of scholarship through the lives of scholars.

Better still, Hood offers an unforgettable and at times disconcerting picture of life in Greece during the earlier part of this century, as it was lived by foreign, primarily English, academics in pursuit of antiquity. Among all of de Jong's caricatures, only one portrays a Greek. Political upheavals, of which there were many, seem to have figured mainly as an irritating obstacle to untrammelled excavation and research. Dress was formal; collars and ties were *de rigueur*. Seniors remained stiffly distant from their juniors. Living conditions were Spartan: "Electricity was not installed in the British School until 1930 and getting a bath was considered an event and an achievement." Hotels, like heating in winter, were rough and ready. Malaria abounded, lice could cause typhus, and mosquito nets were a must.

At both the British and the American Schools, enormous cross-country walks dominated social life—perhaps to work off any inclination towards sexual attachments, which aroused fierce and puritanical disapproval. (An entire essay could be written about the ramifications of the split skirt—as opposed to trousers or, later, jeans—as the official wear for women archaeology students.) Instead these young people filled their social evenings with "music, dances, charades, cards, and party games such as 'Squeak, Piggy, Squeak' [what on earth was that?] or Impromptu Speeches." For the adventurous, tennis and rollerskating beckoned.

These Anglo-American cultural enclaves seem to have been as tightly segregated as the ones maintained by the British Raj in India—or, more ironically, by Hellenistic Greeks in the depths of Asia, where, as in the Raj, admission to the club or gymnasium was carefully restricted. But then no one before the war took much stock in the Hellenistic age anyway. It was so decadent, it was felt, after fifth-century Athens.

Of course, for such true (if socially cramped) philhellenes, there were emotional compensations. The first sight of the Acropolis was so fraught that it sometimes induced feelings of faintness. There was minimal traffic, the shellfish could be eaten without fear of hepatitis, and the brilliant clarity of the landscape had not

Like a Fire in a Fire

They were difficult to find. It was summer so
they were dust dry and sky blue. Lighter, liminal, quite likely
to follow a line completely lacking in depth.

Louise dreamed a clowder of cats was eating yesterday's dinner
of snapper and fennel. Ham dreamed a hand
was playing a tin can piano note twice too many times.

The other lay awake listening to a radio static
at the base of the stapes deep in the damaged right ear.
Soon, August would trade its heat

for September's cool shroud. The loose weave, a sieve, Louise said,
through which the tail will fall through: dysthymic October,
deathy November.

December, a drear pentimento—unveiling the mouth
at abeyance, the mind at undone. Boneheap, rock beach,
birdie girls crooning in swan-feathered caps.

O seasons, O castles, Ham said, there's still the slight flutter
of blood in an outlying vein, light trained on a landscape
of shoulder with faint smell of soap.

Mary Jo Bang

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yet retreated behind an all-enveloping blanket of smog. There were actual unspoilt spots near Glyphada—today the ritziest of built-up coastal resorts—where you could still pick up shells on the beach. The seawater round the coast of Attica (this is hard to credit nowadays) was crystalline and translucent, a haven for swimmers. No one had heard of melanoma.

DESPITE GENERAL POVERTY, foreign travellers still found what May Herford in 1921 called the "quintessence of Homeric hospitality," though its unspoken *quid pro quo* implications tended to be lost on them. Hospitality was like a profit-and-loss arrangement, as still in the remoter rural areas: so much invested, so much expected in return. During my first two visits, in 1950 and 1951, I caught the tail end of this older, more secluded, cleaner Greece, where on a really clear day you could glimpse Acrocorinth from Lykávittòs, and romantic philhellenism had got a new lease of life from the wartime exploits of legendary guerrillas such as Monty Woodhouse, Nick Hammond, and Patrick Leigh Fermor. I was there on a classics research grant, programmed to become, in due course, one of the eccentric *monstres sacrés* so shrewdly portrayed by Piet de Jong, and still not attuned to the here-and-now realities of modern Greece. Together with two fellow students, I had invested in a 1935 London taxi, which we duly drove right across Europe. Coming over a rise south of Thessaloniki we were attacked, head-on, by a large buzzard or vulture, which slammed into our windshield and then pursued us for over a mile. Greeks to whom we reported this encounter in Athens evinced a certain embarrassment.

It was only later in that visit, after my first encounter with Kevin Andrews, that I understood why. The bitterly fought civil war, between royalist government troops and the communist-backed "Democratic Army," had finally ground to a bloody halt in the late summer of 1949, after a series of pitched battles. These had been fought just west of our route, in the Vitsi and Grammos mountains. Unburied corpses in record numbers (Andrews alleged) had attracted carrion-eating birds of prey from everywhere in southeast Europe. Our vulture was an unwelcome reminder of what long remained the biggest running sore in the Greek body politic.

The image hit me hard. By the time I returned to Greece the following year, after giving myself a crash course in modern Greek history and language, my angle on the classical dream had changed irrevocably. The change took me out of academe for well over a decade, and led, in due course, to long residence in Greece. I witnessed the coup in 1967 at first-hand, and I met with exiled royalist officers on a remote Aegean island. When at last I returned to full-time university teaching, I had not lost my passion for the ancient world, but at least I had begun to understand the continuities of past and present a little better.

These three books, each in its own way, have encouraged me further in my quest for the complex interlocking realities of Greece—archaic, classical, Hellenistic, Roman, Byzantine, Turkish, modern. Sometimes, with luck, there comes a glimpse of the totality, of what Eliot called "the whole consort dancing together." Such rare moments are worth the wait. Besides burning off the romantic clichés, they give an exhilarating, almost indescribable sense of well-being and fulfillment. Paradise terrestre, indeed. ■

Shiny Happy People

By BRIAN PHILLIPS

Fooling with Words: A Celebration of Poets and Their Craft by Bill Moyers

(Morrow, 230 pp., $20)

THE ACADEMY OF American Poets has become giddy, and if the marketing reports are to be believed, it is easy to understand why. Since the Academy first sacralized the month of April as National Poetry Month in 1996, poetry has been the beneficiary of a widespread public-relations campaign designed to promote "general awareness," as one Academy press release put it, of this least salable art. The plan is to attract more people to poetry's readership, which has been painfully small for centuries. Joseph Brodsky once estimated that over the whole course of human history, the total audience for poetry has never exceeded one percent of the population.

Some niche. Still, the Academy's drive to improve the commercial prospects of poetry has been fueled by public funding, corporate sponsorship from Borders, promotional events with companies such as Volkswagen, which recently covered three of its new Beetles with magnetic poetry and sent them out to tour the nation, and a massive poster campaign aimed at schoolchildren. The initial marketing of National Poetry Month was abetted by the rise of a new class of chain bookstore, whose most prominent members, Borders and Barnes & Noble, quickly seized upon the idea as a convenient platform for readings, book signings, and other unit-moving events.

The numbers that have emerged from these efforts are impressive. Barnes & Noble has reported a thirty percent increase in poetry sales since 1996, and Borders has announced similar figures. The records of Poets House, a poetry center in New York, show that 989 poetry books were published in America last year, as opposed to 570 in 1993. Easily circulable statistics such as these have created a media swoon, with publications as various as *The Los Angeles Times*, *The New York Times*, and *People Magazine* toasting the prosperity of American verse. Hence the Academy spokespeoples' giddiness—they have been ignored for so long, and now they are finally getting so much attention. It is easy to forgive them for circulating the quite unbelievable claim, in the most recent press release for National Poetry Month, that poetry sales in many areas may have shot up by as much as 150 percent.

It has been said that there are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies, and statistics. The numbers that have given heart to so many people concerned with the commercial viability of verse simply do not bear much scrutiny. Barnes & Noble's total poetry sales may well have increased by thirty percent in the last three years, but the number of Barnes & Noble retailers has gone up by at least that much, with nearly 170 so-called "superstores" added in that time; so the chain's per-capita poetry sales may actually have gone down. According to the Book Industry Study Group, poetry, art, and literature books accounted for exactly the same share of all books sold—a whopping 3.8 percent—in 1995, the year before National Poetry Month was launched, as they did in 1998. Factor out art and literature books, and

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poetry's piece of the market comes very close to the one percent estimated by Brodsky.

So why all the fuss? Why this bombastic concern with selling? After all, there is something vaguely distasteful about holding poetry accountable to the terms of economics, and it is not as though the shrinking of poetry's audience is a recent phenomenon. Quite the contrary—the history of poetry's readership makes one very skeptical about the activities of all the present-day marketers. Poetry has *never* been popular. Even times and places known for their receptivity to verse—China after the Tang Dynasty, Britain in the nineteenth century—never mustered anything like the broad-based enthusiasm that Americans today bring to the movies, or to pop music, or even to popular fiction.

The important point is that poetry's time-honored unpopularity is perfectly understandable. For poetry is, by and large, a solitary activity. It is arduous, intellectually challenging, stringent, and transformative; and those are not qualities that many people seek out in their recreation. The rewards for acceding to the demands of poetry can be considerable, but so are the demands.

THE REAL REASONS that poets, publishers, and critics are so concerned with the commercial performance of poetry these days are complex and varied. They include the consolidation of publishing companies into increasingly massive corporate conglomerates, the continuing professional withdrawal of poets into colleges and universities, and the unexpected threat posed to poetry-friendly independent bookstores by the superstore chains and the Internet. But the reasons that are almost always given for concern with the commercial performance of poetry tend to be much more moralizing in tone.

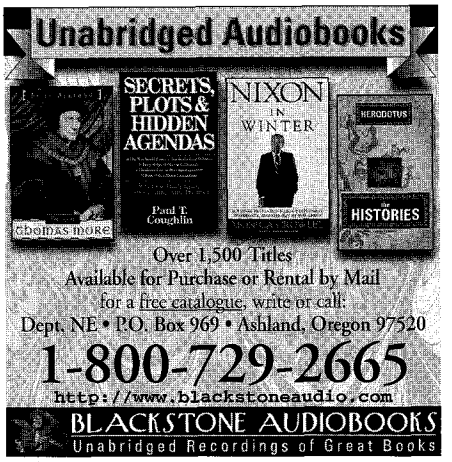
The argument goes like this. In a society left hollow by the spiritual erosions of rampant commercialization, poetry is needed to remind people that there are considerations deeper and more crucial than commerce. To save more people, therefore, poetry itself has to be commercialized. Tom Bevan, the Academy's former marketing director, took this argument to its logical extreme when he insisted that, because poetry is much more "noble" than hot dogs, it is also "noble" to market poetry with the same techniques one uses to market hot dogs. He is getting his way: despite its well-earned reputation for difficulty, poetry today is being hawked the way everything that isn't an exercise machine or a sports drink is being hawked—as a pleasurable, effortless, pretty, diverting status symbol, to be digested in coffee shops and cheered at public readings.

If poetry itself were not susceptible to these indignities, there would be no reason to worry about them; the commercialization of verse would possibly even be good news for ill-paid poets. But this is not the case. The marketing of poetry is beginning to have an effect upon the character of poetry. A small but noticeable trend has begun, toward a less challenging kind of verse, a poetry more story-driven and more status-conscious. Certain poets seem to be writing poems about, and for, a demographic. Deborah Garrison's *A Working Girl Can't Win*, in which a charming, charismatic narrator relates a sequence of winsome vignettes and prose narratives paced by line breaks and the occasional rhyme, is one example of a book pitched at, and imaginatively limited to, a target audience; and an extraordinary number of working girls seem to be buying it.

This sort of poetry is not merely becoming more accessible, it is also becoming easier. Accessibility, after all, only matters to first readings; if a poem is well-conceived and well-written, it will require further consideration no matter how clear it initially seems. But the new brand of poetry reads as though it were intended to stave off any need for further consideration, or for sustained thought, or for any effort at all beyond the first pleasant flash of identification. This is Parnassus for the multi-tasked. Of course a poem need not be obscure in order to be valuable; but clarity in serious poetry should also be a matter of literary rigor. Accessibility should not imply relaxation.

ENTER BILL MOYERS, with his sense for what sells. His new book, *Fooling with Words*, whose subtitle proclaims it "a celebration of poets and their craft," is in actuality a celebration of poetic ease, of the idea that poems should be made and read in the spirit of "fooling." There is a fiercer kind of fooling in poetry, to be sure, exemplified in *King Lear* and Yeats's "Crazy Jane" poems as a wild-eyed truth-telling madness; but this is not the fooling that Moyers has in mind. He just means fooling.

Moyers emphasizes all the aspects of verse—its sensuous musicality, its crowd-pleasing adaptability to performance, its narratives, and its human-interest stories—that are most consistent with the marketers' shiny idea of it. He downplays the difficulties of the art for the poet and the reader, cautioning his audience over and over again not to worry about understanding a poem's meaning, but instead to appreciate the loveliness of its sounds. (Weirdly, almost none of the poems that



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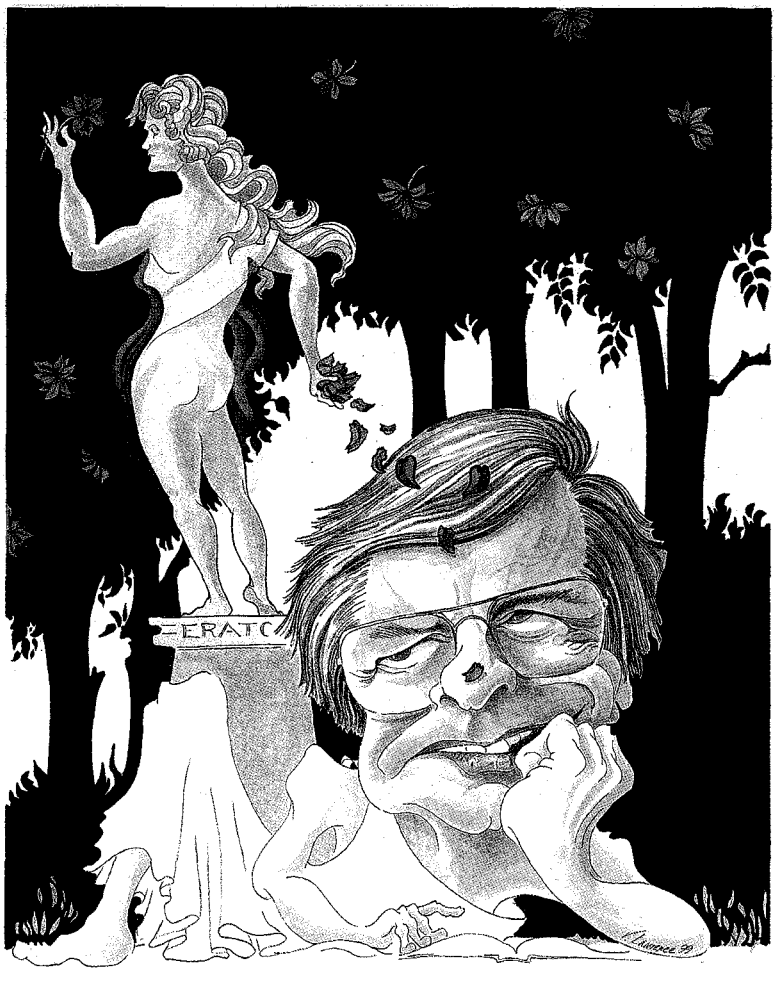
Moyers quotes are notable for their musicality.) He describes over and over again the thrill of sitting in a large crowd and hearing a poem read aloud, and he downplays by implication of silence the more basic poetic experience of solitary reading, of hearing a poem as you read it inwardly to yourself, not as a passive member of an audience. Moyers's sanctimonious praise of poetry's public appeal is in this way a flight from poetry's inwardness.

The book descends from a PBS documentary special of the same name, which chronicled Moyers's journey to last year's Geraldine R. Dodge Poetry Festival, in Waterloo, New Jersey, and his interviews there with a number of participating poets. The book gathers eleven of these interviews and cements them in print form, with a ruminative introduction from Moyers on the state of poetry in America today and a brief introductory sketch of each poet. Moyers has mined this territory before—in 1995 he had a great success with *The Language of Life*, a larger version of this new project—and he will mine it again, with a new PBS special, called *The Sounds of Poetry*, already in the works.

What is distinctive about the new book is the extent to which it is steeped in toxins to which poetry is often considered an antidote: the drone of television, the vacancies of incomplete thinking, the banality and the sentimentality of "folksiness." The book is cluttered with the kind of pseudo-intellectual populism that has marked Moyers for a long time, and that characterizes so much of what passes for intelligent TV programming these days. The Dodge Festival is described as "the Woodstock of poetry." Moyers warmly recalls eating cookies and milk while his high school English teacher read to him from "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Moyers likes poetry because it sounds pretty, and he discerns in it the promise of a world without conflict: "At the poetry festival, the joy lasts, poets are cheered, and everyone wins."

Moyers's prose is at its worst in his introductory sketches, where he plumbs depths of cheap sentiment and corny stereotyping previously reserved for Olympic sports commentary. Moyers is the Bob Costas of the American poetry world: he is the ultimate fan. Describing Paul Muldoon, an Irish poet who lives and teaches in America, Moyers offers this condescending gem of a summation:

> [T]he moment Paul Muldoon starts reading, you hear echoes of his country's history in his voice. The puckish wit and furrowed melancholy sail side by side like ships of the same fleet.... Later will come the sorrows and troubles of his roots in the tragic land that has so borne the brunt of history. For now, your imagination is fired by poetical mischief as delightful as the laughter of leprechauns dancing in the forest.



Bill Moyers by Vint Lawrence for The New Republic

The book is riddled with such passages, which provide Saturday morning cartoons of national and ethnic identities in the apparent belief that readers will find them winning. Moyers clearly means well, and clearly hopes that his descriptions will seem fond and familiar; but sometimes good intentions are not enough. This gawky *allegretto*, bungling Paul Muldoon's unique voice into a shamrock-sporting caricature of itself, is incredibly insulting to the poet and to the reader forced to interpret it.

But Moyers has knottier problems than his overwrought prose. Any book of interviews must stand or fall on the strength of the conversations that it records, and Moyers's are almost uniformly frustrating. His collection of poets—which includes Coleman Barks, Lorna Dee Cervantes, Mark Doty, Deborah Garrison, Jane Hirshfield, Stanley Kunitz, Kurtis Lamkin, Shirley Geok-lin Lim, Muldoon, Marge Piercy, and Robert Pinsky—is extraordinarily diverse (as was the case in *The Language of Life*, which was criticized for its overweening political correctness); but Moyers is mostly interested in asking each poet the same few questions. Not surprisingly, these questions are designed to coax the poets into endorsing Moyers's view of poetry as an easy path to gratification.

Isn't it best, he asks over and over again, for us to enjoy the sounds of poems without troubling about their meanings? Isn't it best to hear poems read aloud to large groups of people? Isn't applause wonderful? The poets who try to correct Moyers's impressions find themselves maddeningly ignored. Muldoon tries to caution Moyers that, while "it's wonderful that poetry is perhaps reaching a somewhat wider audience,"

> we need to keep in perspective that it needn't necessarily be a huge audience. Poetry has never been a particularly popular sport.... Byron himself describes how he awoke one morning to find himself famous—on the strength of selling five hundred books of poetry! That's still a lot, by the way.

But rather than inquiring further in the direction that Muldoon suggests, Moyers simply makes an off-handed comment about Byron—"If he were around today, I'm sure we'd get a flamboyant performance"—and changes the subject back to the sounds of poetry. When Stanley Kunitz reads his intimately personal "Touch Me," Moyers shows no interest in the poem at all; he is already back on the

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audience, commenting to Kunitz that "after you read that poem ... there were cheers, whistles, applause, shouts of 'Bravo! Bravo!'"

Amid all this clapping and whistling, it never occurs to Moyers that his own anxious difficulties with poetry might be interfering with his eager praise of it. Constantly professing that he makes up in enthusiasm what he lacks in expertise—he tellingly admits that "the only sure thing I can tell you about poetry is that I like it"—Moyers claims that, since poetry is so hard to understand, the best way to appreciate poems is to learn about the lives of the poets who write them. The unnerving disconnection of meaning and text that this creates, whereby the indecipherable but pleasing sounds of a poem are comprehensible only through secondary explanation—so it was your mother's death that led you to utter such lovely syllables?—receives no comment.

"The sounds of poems are pleasing to me," Moyers writes,

> and I enjoy a poem read aloud even when I do not wholly understand it. Talking to poets about their lives also makes their poetry more accessible to me. Once I know how a poet feels about a granddaughter ... or about hiding under the steps to read while other kids were playing soccer, I am more likely to hear the poet's voice in the poem.

There is no doubt that historical and biographical background can be helpful when one seeks insight into a difficult poem. Still, on the evidence of his interviews, Moyers is not terribly interested in applying the life stories that his poets tell him to the poetry that they read him. He is more interested in using their poetry as a window into their lives. And like a middle-school guidance counselor with a group of unruly students, he shows little interest in the individual qualities of the poems that he encounters.

Instead, he subjects nearly all of them to the same line of rote inquiry. First, he asks the poet to narrate the life-experience on which a particular poem is based. Once the poem's origins have been sufficiently documented, the poet reads the poem, and Moyers responds in one of three ways: he asks for more biographical detail, or he asks for general speculation on the nature of poetry itself (and especially its use of sound), or he asks about audience approval, wondering what it was like to hear *that* poem lauded at the Dodge Festival.

Never—not once in the entire book—does Moyers respond to the reading of a poem by asking a question about the poem itself. The only time that he even comes close to a strictly literary inquiry occurs in his interview with Jane Hirshfield, a poet whose Zen practice makes Moyers's Joseph Campbell antennae leap to full attention. But even here, his question about a poem's theme of "opening oneself to the unexpected, to life's opposites" only provokes the introduction of another Buddhist poem, immediately followed by the requisite biographical background information.

To be fair, Moyers opens his book with a reminder that he is "a journalist, not a literary critic," and he repeats the disclaimer several times. Perhaps journalistic instinct is what compels him to skulk past poems the way he does, as though attempting to expose the stories lurking behind them. Sometimes this compulsion leads to hilarious results, as when Moyers decides not to beat around the bush with Shirley Geok-lin Lim's poem "What the Fortune Teller Didn't Say." Before the poem has even been read, Moyers pounces: "What was it the fortune teller didn't say?" Moyers wants to be a journalist, not a critic; but what kind of journalist scoops the story of an assassination by immediately shooting the president himself?

Even when he avoids this kind of pratfall, Moyers still reserves his greatest interest for the situations that lead poets to write particular poems: not the situations that have inspired the best work, but the ones that make the best human interest stories, which happens especially when a poet has used poetry to overcome economic hardship, prejudice, abuse, or danger. Stories of such overcomings make a recurring narrative throughout the book, popping up in Moyers's conversations with Lorna Dee Cervantes, Kurtis Lamkin, Lim, and Marge Piercy, among others.

It may be that we come to poetry to understand ourselves; but to understand poetry, in Moyers's account, we must understand poets. Poetry is absorbed into memoir. It is autobiography with line breaks, the swift route to a comfortable kind of self-identification in someone else's experience. Even the delights of a poem's music—for all that Moyers talks up his attraction to them—take a backseat in his interviews to his insistent questions about life stories and applause.

THIS STRANGE DISREGARD for what Moyers claims is his primary attraction to poetry glares worst whenever he comes to a poem whose musical qualities are explicitly a part of its theme. Of these poems, he invariably fails to ask even the most basic questions about the connection between the sounds of poetry and the subjects of

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poetry, a topic that, based on his arguments throughout the book, should be irresistible to him. Consider his confrontation with Mark Doty's "Messiah (Christmas Portions)."

Moyers follows his script, first asking about biographical background: "This poem began in a moment of skepticism, right?" Doty obliges by recounting the circumstances of the poem's conception:

> I live, most of the time, in a small town in coastal Massachusetts, and a few years ago our local choral society decided to mount a performance of Handel's *Messiah*. This was an ambitious project, and a number of us felt some trepidation about the possible results. The day of the performance I arrived just as an unbelievably beautiful sunset was occurring overhead. It seemed ironic to leave that perfectly accomplished sunset behind and enter the chapel for a doubtful human achievement. What happened inside brought on this poem.

Doty then reads the poem, which begins with the same scene that he has just described:

> A little heat caught
> in gleaming rags,
> in shrouds of veil,
> torn and sun-shot swaddlings:
>
> over the Methodist roof,
> two clouds propose a Zion
> of their own, blazing
> (colors of tarnish on copper)
>
> against the steely close
> of a coastal afternoon, December,
> while under the steeple
> the Choral Society
>
> prepares to perform
> *Messiah*.

Doty's speaker enters the church, where he glances at the locals in the choir, "a looming/cloudbank of familiar angels," then sits through the silence before the performance, "anticipatory, as if we're all / about to open a gift we're not sure/we'll like," then registers his initial surprise when the singing begins: "Who'd have thought they'd be so good?" Finally, as Handel's music compounds and elaborates its figures, the speaker turns to his own enthralled meditation:

> the pour
>
> of voice seems
> to *make* the unplaned landscape
> the text predicts the Lord
> will heighten and tame.
>
> This music
> demonstrates what it claims:
> glory shall be revealed. If art's
> acceptable evidence,
>
> mustn't what lies
> beyond the world be at least
> as beautiful as the human voice?

Any poem that makes this claim—that the beauty of art is evidence of beauty "beyond the world"—is duty-bound to be beautiful, and Doty makes certain that the music of his poem, like the music of Handel, "demonstrates what it claims." The poem progresses from perfectly accomplished sunset to imperfect human music, finally insisting that if we are "enlarged/ by the scale of what we're able/to desire," the chorus working to create beauty is in fact equal to the sunset's burning clouds. It certainly moves far beyond its merely biographical subject, into an acute speculation about the relationship of art to beauty and beauty to life.

What is more, it conscripts its own music to fortify the speculation. In the third stanza, we are taken from sunset to church by the permutation of "steely" afternoon into "steeple," amid a vigorous exchange of *s*'s and hard *c*'s: steely close, coastal, December, steeple, Choral Society. As the music in the choir's performance begins to dilate and liquefy into "baroque melisma," the poem responds by shortening its clauses and lengthening its words, leading to the rhythmic, liquid depiction of the chorus as

> commingled powers
> deeded to a larger, centering claim.
> These aren't anyone we know;
> choiring dissolves
>
> familiarity in an up-
> pouring rush that will not
> stop...

And as the poem slides from a description of the choir and the text it sings into a description of the music itself, it begins to match its own account, asking "Hear how/it cascades, in overlapping,/ lapidary waves of praise?" This sentence does exactly what it describes—the near-rhymes of "cascades," "waves," and "praise" cascade over the staggered sounds of "overlapping" and "lapidary"—and, in so doing, it brings directly to the reader the musical qualities that lead Doty's speaker to his optimistic conclusions about the promises art and beauty hold for life.

Thus this poem attempts to be "acceptable evidence" of the beauty that it describes; it attempts to demonstrate what it claims. Based on his stated predilections, this is exactly the sort of poetic statement that should fascinate Moyers: it uses sound to transform a lived experience into an aesthetic record available to an audience, and it uses music to take from a particular lived experience an abstract ideal of how art and beauty might relate to life. So how does Moyers respond? "The applause after you finished reading that poem," he comments incisively, "went on and on." Nothing about art; nothing about beauty; nothing about sound and music. Nothing of what makes Doty's "Messiah" a successful, noteworthy, or engaging poem.

In Moyers's telling, then, the poem is nothing more than the story of a concert that Mark Doty once attended; and the story is only worth mentioning in the first place because a group of people clapped when Doty told it. There is nothing more to know. This approach lays waste to every depth and every elegance. *Fooling with Words* starts with a portrait gallery and ends with an album of Polaroids.

Moyers is nothing if not sincere: his affection both for poetry and for the poets whom he interviews is obviously genuine, as when he writes of visiting an old church to hear a reading by Marge Piercy:

> The early morning light appears in the window like a penitent sinner eager for sanctuary within the white-steepled church. By the time the sun's rays reach the hand-wrought stenciling high on the walls, the pews are filling with people. Whether they are repentant sinners or not is impossible to know, and immaterial. They are poetry lovers, and if in their obsession they have sinned at all, it is more likely to have been some dalliance with mixed metaphors, a weakness for a hackneyed pun, or the seduction of a flirtatious alliteration. This old church has heard far more and forgiven far worse.

This is the effect poetry has on Moyers: it purifies his surroundings, it comforts him into seeing things in a softer light. Above all, perhaps, it does not disturb him.

But with the best will in the world, it is impossible to read passages such as that description of the church without feeling as though one has stumbled into some strange conflation of contemporary poetry and 1950s family television. At any moment, one feels, Lassie might bound in, barking that Frank Bidart has fallen down a well and summoning Moyers to run and save him. And the insistence that poetry must come exclusively from play, from a kind of unconflicted feeling that never quite escalates into struggle or passion, and that it must be received in a spirit of cloudless joy, in surroundings where Moyers "cannot recall seeing so many happy people in one place," is far more troubling.

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Poets *can* be playful and poetry *can* be joyful; but to limit poetic activity to "fooling," whether or not it sells copies of poetry books, is to excise a wealth of profound and important poems that depend on difficulty and complexity to achieve their effects. There is no doubt that the musical qualities of poems can be ravishing; but music without sense is frivolous, and the claims of meaning are ultimately what make poetry more than frivolity. How diminished do we find Emily Dickinson without her poems' capacity for exploding, all at once, into the mind, complete and comprehensible, where on a dozen prior readings they had seemed strident and obscure? How diminished are those passages of Shakespeare which one must work through patiently until the key is found, whereupon one reads as if for the first time an unutterably moving verse?

Moyers seems to equate concern for meaning in a poem with a certain kind of technical academic analysis: he has no time for talk of "assonance, syntax, dimeters, and couplets." When he was first learning about poetry, he says, he was "unaffected by critical analysis. I could not read the notes, but I loved the music. And that was just fine." But surely there is a difference between the special work of scholars and the work of the general reader to realize a poem. Most of the best poems in any language absolutely require the latter work, but Moyers either deems it unnecessary or chooses to ignore it; he prefers to ask about applause.

The full appreciation of a poem requires an ear both for its chromatic tonalities and for the ideas and feelings that they represent, whatever notational complexity inheres in the music. Learning to understand as well as to listen requires scrupulous attention from a reader, just as the creation of original language does from a writer. As Yeats wrote of the work of writing verse,

> Better go down upon your marrow-bones
> And scrub a kitchen pavement;
> or break stones
> Like an old pauper, in all kinds
> of weather,
> For to articulate sweet sounds together
> Is to work harder than all these...

Moyers remarks, in his one halfhearted concession to the existence of poetic effort, that "fooling with words is the play of poets. They alone understand how much hard work it is." But this isn't exactly true: we, too, know how much hard work a poem is, because the poets have told us, and because the work is also ours.

Swelling the ranks of poetry readers is a wonderful idea, but only so long as it implies instilling a genuine capability for poetry within more people; dumbing poetry down simply to spread its consumer base helps no one, and it hurts poetry. It will do no good to pretend that poetry is not, first and foremost, an activity of mind. By indulging in that pretense, Bill Moyers unwittingly celebrates the work of the poetry marketers far more successfully than he celebrates the work of the poets. He is lucky that he does not live in the world that he seems to want, a world in which every reader is capable of the intellectual commitment that so much real poetry requires. In that world, nobody would buy his book. ■

CORRESPONDENCE

continued from page 5

current boyfriend obtain employment at the United Nations? And why would your reporters refer to Shearouse's conduct as "a baroque scenario so prejudicial to Shearouse and so difficult to verify that we won't mention the alleged details here" when they had no problem making those same, albeit false, charges against Shenwick? As we explained numerous times to your reporters, disparate treatment such as this is evidence of retaliation under the whistle-blower protection laws.

Finally, your article attempts to portray Shenwick as responsible for getting a Cuban a job at the United Nations. It is unsophisticated to think a career U.S. employee below the ambassadorial level got a high-ranking U.N. job for a person from Cuba. Ambassador Victor Marrero was the U.S. policy person who made that deal.

We went to great lengths to explain the deficiencies of the allegations made by your reporters' former and present anonymous sources at the State Department. We are disappointed at THE NEW REPUBLIC's obvious bias, exemplified by your reporters' omissions and twisting of facts and failure to investigate facts we presented to them.

VICTORIA TOENSING
Washington, D.C.

RYAN LIZZA REPLIES:
Our article did not make it appear as if Linda Shenwick began her "whistleblowing" after the 1996 "unsatisfactory" evaluation she received for ignoring American policy and substituting her own views for official policy at the United Nations. The article specifically refers to instances when Shenwick leaked damaging information about the United Nations or her superiors as far back as 1992, like the Pickering episode that Victoria Toensing actually cites in her letter.

Next, the paragraph Shenwick helped insert into U.N. resolution 51/226 did affect Shenwick's boyfriend, Jorge Jose Duhalt. To the delegates in the committee where the language was negotiated, this part of the resolution was known as the "Duhalt paragraph." It essentially allowed those who served a stint on a twelve-month peacekeeping mission to become eligible for positions previously reserved for career U.N. staffers. When the United Nations was studying how to overturn this controversial language at the end of 1997 (after Shenwick was no longer a delegate), it made a list of all "mission staff within the purview" of the paragraph. The list included four Mexican peacekeepers, one of whom was Duhalt. So, while he may now say that the positions were beneath him, the fact remains that the resolution made him eligible for a whole new class of vacancies. I asked Duhalt to clear up this issue by providing me with a list of the positions he has applied for since the resolution passed; he declined.

Toensing says that "the extent of Shenwick's involvement in helping Duhalt" get a job in 1995 was "telling [him] that a deadline was not firm." But Shenwick did more than this. She talked to the assistant secretary general for human resources, Denis J. Halliday, and he agreed to *waive* the deadline. Halliday even wrote a memo on behalf of Duhalt and Shenwick to Joseph Connor, the undersecretary general for administration and management, stating, "I have been asked by Ms. Linda Shenwick to forward to you the candidature of Mr. Jorge Jose Duhalt."

Toensing writes that Shenwick's role in helping Duhalt obtain a job shouldn't matter, because Shenwick's successor at the United Nations, Susan Shearouse, "helped both her then-husband and her current boyfriend obtain employment at the United Nations." Shearouse says, "There is absolutely no truth to that statement."

As for Shenwick and the Cuban delegate, Even Fontaine-Ortiz, Toensing does not deny that, as we reported, it was Shenwick who first suggested to U.S. officials that the United States make a deal with him. She also does not deny that those officials ordered Shenwick to have no further contact with Ortiz on the matter. Without a shred of evidence, Toensing accuses former Ambassador Victor Marrero of making this deal. Marrero, a highly respected government official who was recently confirmed to be a federal judge, calls this allegation "preposterous," adding that he "had absolutely nothing to do with that." ■

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Bell Tolls

IT IS FASHIONABLE THESE DAYS to say we don't want government in our bedrooms. HMOs fight patient-protection measures by saying we don't want government in our doctors' offices. Drug companies try to convince us we actually *like* higher prescription-drug prices by saying we don't want government in our medicine cabinets. But not me. I want government in my bedroom, my bathroom, my living room, my doctor's office, and my car. In short, I want government everywhere I can take a telephone.

I AM NOT NORMALLY INCLINED TOWARD such regulatory urges. In fact, I think the market often does a fine job on its own. If the US Airways Shuttle cancels yet another flight, I can take Delta. If I don't want to rent a General Motors car from Avis, I can get a Ford from Hertz. If I don't like the beastly Microsoft, I can use Netscape—albeit after walking over hot coals. But the telecommunications market is uniquely abusive. If the cable television in my home doesn't work, I have to live with it. If my cell phone doesn't function as advertised, that's how it goes. And, if the local phone company overcharges me by a few hundred bucks, I can take a hike.

NOW COMES THE NEWS THAT BELL Atlantic wants permission to enter the long-distance market. This would take us full circle since the demise of Ma Bell's monopoly. But there's reason for hope. Bell Atlantic could be foiled by its own predatory practices. In November, the Justice Department's antitrust division, on the eve of its triumph over Microsoft, placed a hurdle in Bell Atlantic's path. Justice pointed out to the Federal Communications Commission an obvious truth: Bell Atlantic hasn't fully opened its local market to competition. Not by a long shot, if you ask me. The FCC should reject Bell Atlantic's application.

THE GROUNDS? THE TELECOMMUNIcations Act of 1996 requires that, before the Baby Bells get long-distance rights, the local phone companies must stop beating up on their local competitors. Now, I don't pretend to know the nuances of telecom law, but it doesn't take much to realize that Bell Atlantic is an abusive monopoly. If you don't know what I'm talking about, you've never been slammed.

MY TALE OF WOE BEGINS A LITTLE MORE than a year ago, when I discovered that my long-distance service had been switched, without my knowledge or consent, from Sprint to MCI. I had been slammed. Worse, I had been switched to something called MCI's "casual rate," which is a nice way of saying "three dollars per minute." You won't see Paul Reiser or Michael Jordan pitching this plan. A one-minute call to Virginia cost $3.01; a one-minute call to New York was $3.04. The monthly total came to $450—ten times what I should have been charged. Both Sprint and MCI blamed Bell Atlantic, and even a Bell Atlantic phone rep admitted the company's goof and offered to "re-rate" the calls. So far, so good. But, a month or so later, Bell Atlantic decided it would not issue the full credit, sticking me with a bill for $112 that I didn't owe.

HERE, I MADE A MISTAKE. I COMplained. The Bell Atlantic strategy of complaint resolution, it seems, is to make matters so difficult for the complainer that he or she gets tired and drops said complaint. My call was transferred from department to department five times before I was eventually disconnected. Finally, I landed with a Miss Saunders ("I don't give out my first name"), who informed me, "I have no record showing that you were slammed." When I confronted a Bell Atlantic public affairs man, Michel Daley, he suggested that I had slammed *myself*—willingly switching to the $3-per-minute rate. (He decided this because, at a different point in a lifetime of phone usage, I had voluntarily been an MCI customer.)

THE OFFICIOUS BELL ATLANTIC MAN also scolded me for being "angry, upset, and abusive" with Miss Saunders and closed with this: "While you may not be pleased with the outcome, we consider this matter closed. We will not issue any additional credit." Ominous letters arrived from the "Tri-State Credit Exchange, a division of the Medical Dental Bureau" of West Virginia. "Credit is a privilege and an obligation," they read, and, "Why have you ignored our previous notice?" The Medical Dental Bureau left the impression that it was not an organization to be trifled with.

FORTUNATELY, THERE IS A HAPPY ending to this story, and it involves—you guessed it—the government. The employees of the FCC, bless their hearts, informed me that Bell Atlantic's behavior wasn't just obnoxious but also possibly illegal. The FCC ordered Bell Atlantic to respond to my complaint within 30 days. And the company issued me the credit it owed. Apparently the problem wasn't so hard to fix; Bell Atlantic just needed the hot breath of a government regulator on its neck.

YOU ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED FOR reading this much of my tiresome rant. Why have I pursued this matter so obsessively? I'd like to think it's not the money ($112 for days of work) but the principle (isn't that what all cranks say, come to think of it?). How many others—thousands? millions?—have been similarly slammed or otherwise mistreated by local carriers but then worn down by the likes of Miss Saunders? Employees like Miss Saunders exist to help the Baby Bells shirk their obligations to customers. The FCC keeps track of complaints against "common carriers," but, as one FCC official says, this is "probably just the tip of the iceberg," because few consumers are determined (or is it crazy?) enough to take their cases to the feds.

GRANTED, IT WOULD BE WRONG TO limit my telecom venom strictly to Bell Atlantic. I was able to get pretty riled up about Sprint PCS, my former wireless service. After shelling out $460 for two Sprint cell phones, I discovered that the promised "predictable service from coast to coast" wasn't so predictable. But Sprint refused to take the phones back, because I didn't learn how lousy the service was until after 30 days. Still, the difference here is that Sprint PCS is in a somewhat competitive business and, under pressure, finally relented, reimbursing me for the phones. Along the way, Sprint offered cheerful platitudes about how "our goal is to be the number-one wireless carrier."

BELL ATLANTIC APPARENTLY HAS NO such goals—because it's the only game in town. I've tried to rid myself of the local telephone monopoly, but I can't escape. I switched to an upstart by the name of Star Power Communications, which gives me a five percent discount off Bell Atlantic's rates and, so far, no problems. But Star Power merely buys the service from Bell Atlantic and sells it to me. It's still Bell Atlantic lines and Bell Atlantic technicians, and Bell Atlantic still gets my money. It could be years before there's a real alternative to the local telephone monopoly (or the local cable monopoly). Until then, let's keep Bell Atlantic out of long distance—and government in our telephones. Who else will protect us from Miss Saunders?

DANA MILBANK

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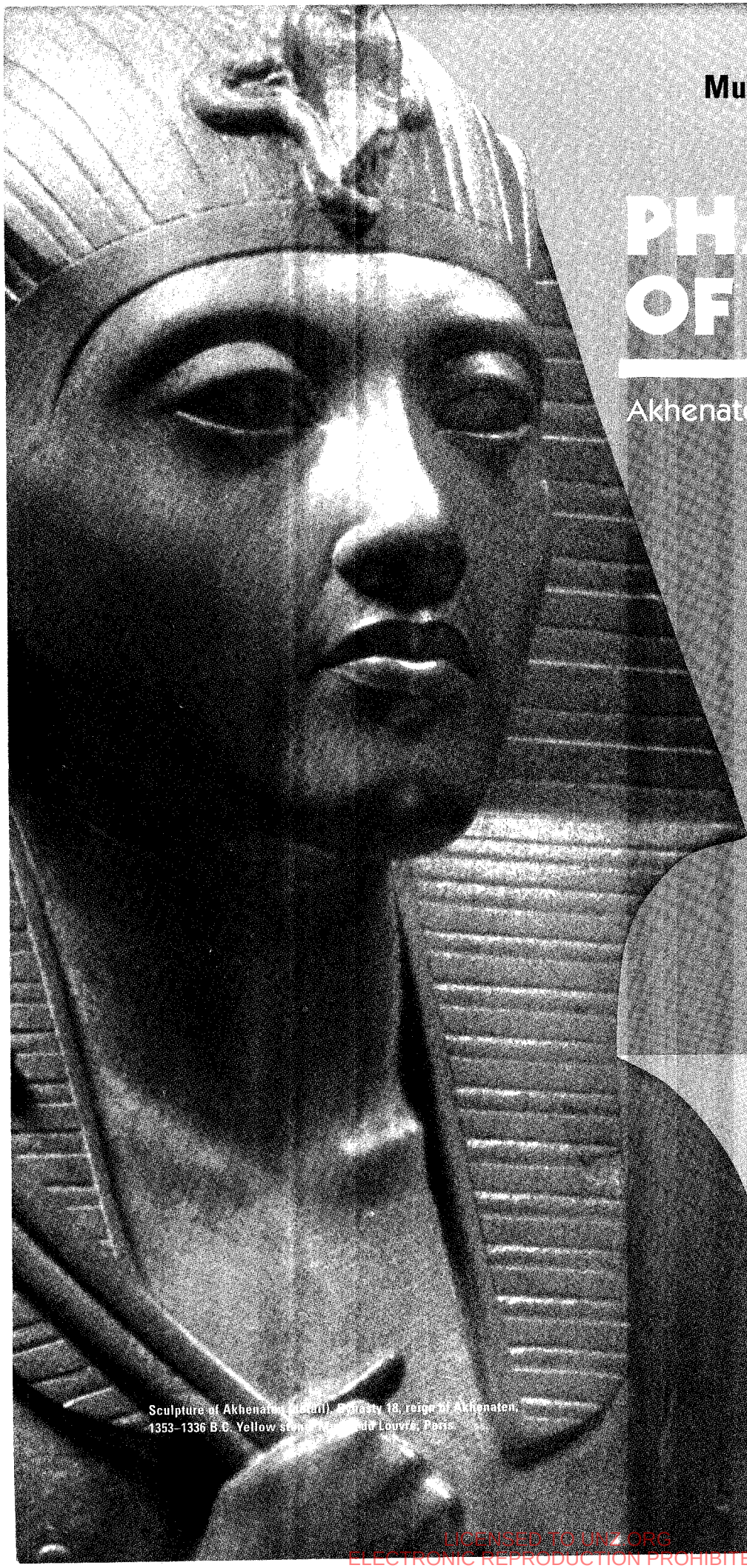

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